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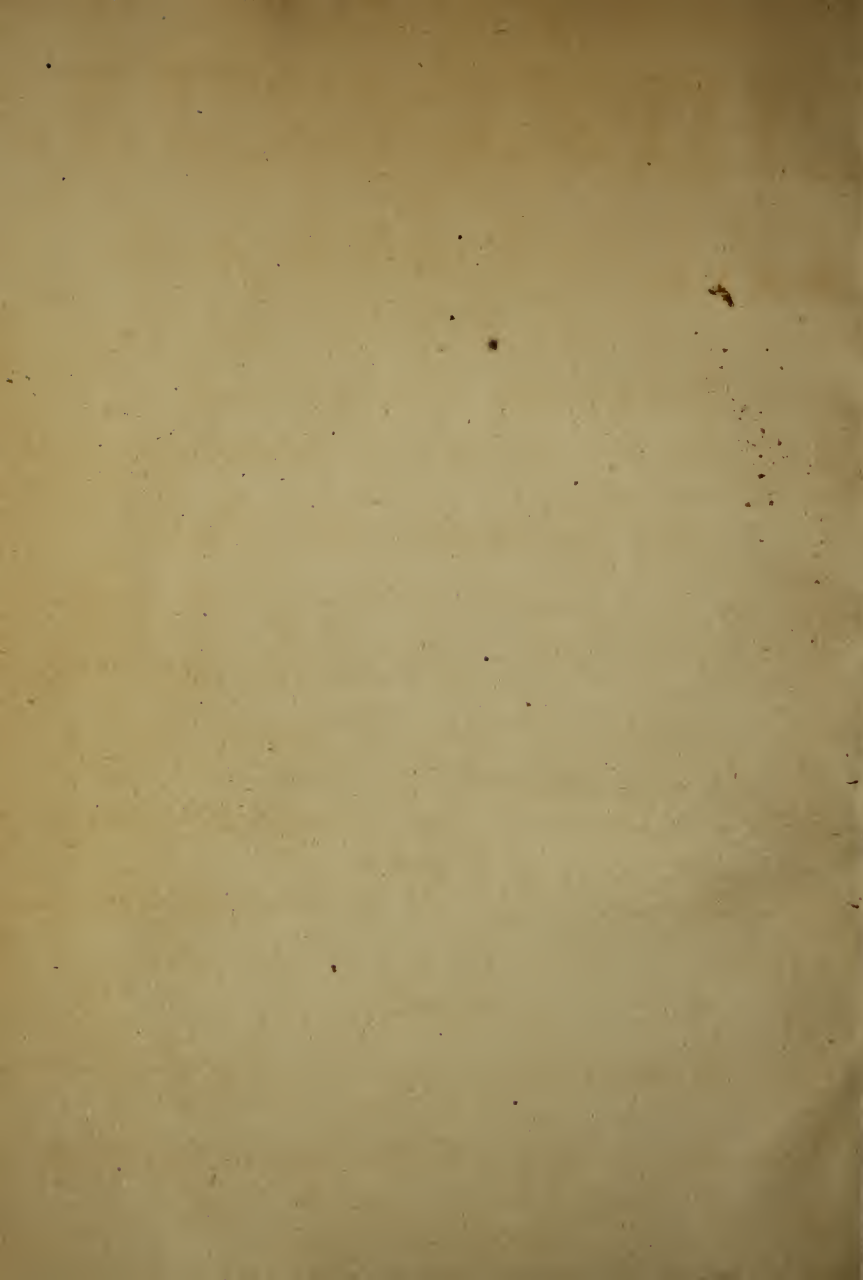












THE  
CHRONICLE  
HISTORIE

OF  
PERKIN WARBECK.

A Strange Truth.

Acted ( some-times ) by the Queenes  
M A I E S T I E S Servants at the  
*Phenix in Drurie lane.*

*Fide Honor.*  
*John Ford*

LONDON,

Printed by T. P. for Hugh Beeston, and are to  
be sold at his Shop, neere the Castle in  
*Cornhill. 1634.*



The Scene,  
The Continent of Great Britayne.

157. 6 44

May 1873

The Persons presented.

Henry the seaventh.

Dawbnry.

Sir William Stanky.

Oxford.

Surrey.

Bishop of Durham.

Wriswicke Chaplaine to  
King Henry.

Sir Robert Clifford.

Lambert Simnell.

Hialas a Spanish Agent.

Constable, Officers, Ser-  
vingmen, and Souldiers.

James the 4<sup>th</sup> King of Scotl.

Earle of Huntley.

Earle of Crawford.

Lord Daliell.

Marchmount a He-  
rauld.

Perkin Warbeck <sup>supposed to be</sup>  
Fron his Secretarie. <sup>Richard Duke of</sup>

Mayor of Cork. <sup>2<sup>d</sup> son</sup>

Heron a Mercer. <sup>the 4<sup>th</sup></sup>

Sketon a Taylor. <sup>of Eng</sup>

Astly a Scrivener.

Women.

Ladie Katherine Gourdon, — wife to Perkin.

Countesse of Crawford.

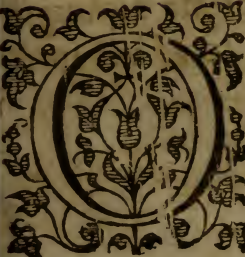
Lane Douglas — Lady Kath: mayd.



TO  
THE RIGHTLY  
HONOURABLE,

WILLIAM CAVENDISH,  
Earle of *New-Castle*, Vis-  
count *Mansfield*, Lord  
*Boulfower* and *Ogle*.

MY LORD:

 OF the darknesse of a former Age, (enlighten'd by a late, both learned, and an honourable pen) I haue endeoured, to personate a great Attempt, and in It, a greater Daunger. In *other Labour's*, you may reade Actions of Antiquitie discourst; In *This Abridgement*, finde the Actors themselues discoursing: in some kinde, practiz'd as well *What* to speake; as speaking *Why* to doe. Your Lop. is a most competent Iudge, in expressions of  
such

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

such credit; commissioned by your knowne Ability in examining; and enabled by your knowledge in determining, the monuments of Time. Eminent Titles, may indeed informe, *who*, their owners are, not often *what*: To your's, the addition of that information, in BOTH, cannot in any application be observ'd flattery; the Authority being established by TRUTH. I can onely acknowledge, the errors in writing, mine owne; the worthinesse of the *Subject written*, being a perfection in the Story, and of It. The custome of your LOPs. entertainements (even to Strangers) is, rather an *Example*, than a *Fashion*: in which consideration, I dare not professe a curiositie; but am onely studious, that your LOP will please, amongst such as best honour *your Goodnesse*, to admit into your noble construction.

JOHN FORD.



To my owne friend, Master Iohn Ford,  
on his Iustificable Poem of *Perkin Warbeck*,  
*This Ode.*

**T**Hey, who doe know mee, know, that I  
(Vnskil'd to flatter)  
Dare speake *This Piece*, in words, in matter,  
A **W**ORKE: without the daunger of the *Lye*.  
Beleeue mee (friend) the name of *This*, and *Thee*,  
Will liue, *your Storie*:  
Bookes may want Faith, or merit, glorie;  
**T**HIS, neither; without Iudgement's Lethargie.  
When the Arts doate, then, some *sicke Poet*, may  
Hope, that his penne  
In new-staind-paper, can finde men  
To roare, *HE is THE WIT'S*; His **N**OYSE doth sway:  
But such an Age cannot be know'n: for All,  
E're that Time bee,  
Must proue such Truth, mortalitie:  
So (friend) thy honour stand's too fixt, to fall.

*George Donne.*

To his worthy friend, Master *John Ford*,  
vpon his *Perkin Warbeck*.

**L**Et men, who are writt Poets, lay a claime  
To the *Phebean Hill*, I haue no name,

Nor art in Verse; True, I haue heard some tell  
 Of *Aganippe*, but ne're knew the Well:  
 Therefore haue no ambition with the Times,  
 To be in Print, for making of ill Rimes;  
 But loue of *Thee*, and Iustice to *thy Penne*  
 Hath drawne mee to this Barre, with other men  
 To iustifie, though against double Lawes,  
 (Waving the subtrill bus'nesse of his cause)  
 The **G L O R I O U S P E R K I N**, and thy Poet's Art  
 Equall with *His*, in playing the **K I N G S P A R T**.

*Ra: E'ure*

*Baronis Primogens*



To my faithfull, no lesse deserving friend,  
*the Authour; This indebted Oblation.*

**P**ERKIN is rediviu'd by thy strong hand,  
 And crownd' a King of new; the vengefull wand  
 Of *Greatnesse* is forgot: **H I S** Execution  
 May rest vn-mention'd; and **H I S** birth's Collusion  
 Lye buried in the *Storie*: But **H I S** fame  
 Thou has't eterniz'd; made a Crowne **H I S** Game.  
**H I S** loftie spirit soares yet. Had **H E** been  
 Base in his enterprise, as was his sinne  
 Conceiv'd, **H I S** **T I T L E**, (doubtlesse) prou'd vnjust,  
 Had, but for *Thee*, been silenc't in his dust.

*George Crymes, miles.*



To the Authour, his friend, vpon his  
*Chronicle Historie.*

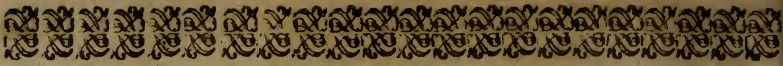
THESE are not to expresse thy witt,  
But to pronounce thy *Iudgement* fitt;  
In full-fil'd phrase, those Times to rayse,  
When PERKIN ran his wilie wayes.  
Still, let the methode of thy brayne,  
From *Errours* touch, and *Envy's* stayne  
Preferue Thee, free, that eu'r, thy quill  
Fayre *Truth* may wett, and *Fancy* fill.  
Thus *Graces* are, with *Muses* mett,  
And practick *Critick's* on may frett:  
For heere, Thou hast product, *A Storie*,  
Which shall ecclipse, *Their* future *Glorie*.

*John Brograu*: Ar

To my friend, and kinsman, Master *John*  
*Ford*, the Authour.

DRAMMATIC Poets (as the Times goe) now  
Can hardly write, what *others* will allow;  
The *Cynick* snarl's; the *Critick* howles and barks;  
And *Ravens* croake, to drowne the voyce of *Larkes*:  
Scorne those ST-GE-HARPYES! This I'le boldly say,  
Many may imitate, few match thy Play.

*John Ford*: Graiensis.



## PROLOGVE.


**S** Tudies haue, of this Nature, been of late  
So out of fashion, so vnfollow'd; that  
It is become more Iustice, to reuise  
The antick follies of the Times, then strue  
To countenance wise Industrie: no want  
Of Art, doth render witt, or lame, or scant,  
Or slothfull, in the purchase of fresh bayes;  
But want of Truth in Them, who giue the prayse  
To their selfe-loue, presuming to out-doe  
The Writer, or (for need) the Actor's too.  
But such THIS AVTHOR'S silence best besitt's,  
Who bidd's Them, be in loue, with their owne witt's:  
From Him, to cleerer Iudgement's, wee can say,  
Hee shew's a Historie, couch't in a Play:  
A Historie of noble mention, knowne,  
Famous, and true: most noble, 'cause our owne:  
Not forg'd from Italie, from Fraunce, from Spaine,  
But Chronicled at Home; as rich in strayne  
Of braxe Attempts, as ever, fertile Rage  
In Action, could beget to grace the Stage.  
Wee cannot limitt Scenes, for the whole Land  
It selfe, appeared too narrow to with-stand  
Competitors for Kingdomes: nor is heere  
Vnnecessary mirth forc't, to indeere  
A multitude; on these two, rest's the Fate  
Of worthy expectation; TRUTH and STATE.

THE  
 CHRONICLE  
 HISTORIE OF  
 PERKIN WARBECK.

---

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Enter King Henry, Durham, Oxford, Surrey, Sir William Stanly, Lord Chamberlaine, Lord Dawbny. The King supported to his Throne by Stanly and Durham. A Guard.*

*King.*  Till to be haunted; still to be pursued,  
 Still to be frighted with false apparitions  
 Of pageant Majestic, and new-coynd greatnesse,  
 As if wee were a mockery King in state;  
 Onely ordaind to lauish sweat and blond  
 In scorne and laughter to the ghosts of *Yorke*,  
 Is all below our merits; yet (my Lords,  
 My friends and Counsailers) yet we sit fast  
 In our owne royall birth-right; the rent face  
 And bleeding wounds of *England's* slaughterd people,  
 Haue beene by vs (as by the best Physitian)  
 At last both throughly Cur'd, and set in safetie;  
 And yet for all this glorious worke of peace  
 Our selfe is scarce secure.



# The Chronicle Historie

*Dur:* The rage of malice  
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of *Yorke*;  
For ninetie yeares ten English Kings and Princes,  
Threescore great Dukes and Earles, a thousand Lords  
And valiant Knights, two hundred fittie thousand  
Of English Subjects haue in Ciuill Warres,  
Beene sacrificed to an vnciuill thirst  
Of *discord* and *ambition*: this hot vengeance  
Of the iust powers aboue, to vtter ruine  
And Desolation had raign'd on, but that  
*Mercie* did gently sheath the sword of *Justice*,  
In tending to this bloud-shrunck Common-wealth  
A new soule, new birth in your *Sacred person*.

*Daw:* *Edward* the fourth after a doubtfull fortune  
Yielded to nature; leaving to his sonnes  
*Edward* and *Richard*, the inheritance  
Of a most bloody purchase; these young Princes  
*Richard* the Tirant their vnnaturall Vncle  
Forc'd to a violent graue, to just is Heauen.  
Him hath your Majestie by your owne arme  
Divinely strengthen'd, pulld from his *Boares stie*  
And strucke the black Vsurper to a Carkasse:  
Nor doth the House of *Yorke* decay in Honors,  
Tho *Lancaster* doth repossesse his right.  
For *Edwards* daughter is King *Henries* Queene,  
A blessed Vnion, and a lasting blessing  
For this poore panting Iland, if some shreds  
Some vtleesse remnant of the House of *Yorke*  
Grudge not at this Content. *Ox:* *Margaret* of *Burgundy*  
Blowes fresh Coales of Division. *Sur:* Painted fires  
Without to heate or scorch, or light to cheerish.

*Daw:* *Yorke*s headlesse trunck her Father, *Edwards* fate  
Her brother King, the smothering of her Nephewes  
By Tirant *Gloster*, brother to her nature;  
Nor *Glosters* owne confusion, (all decrees  
Sacred in Heauen) Can moue *this Woman-Monster*,  
But that shee still from the vnbottom'd myne

Of Devilish policies, doth vent the Ore  
 Of troubles and sedition. *Ox:* In her age  
 (Great Sir, obserue the Wonder) shee growes fruitfull,  
 Who in her strength of youth was alwayes barraine  
 Nor are her birthes as other Mothers are,  
 At nine or ten moneths end, shee has beene with childe  
 Eight or seaven yeares at least; whose twinnes being borne  
 (A prodegie in Nature) even the youngest  
 Is fiftene yeares of age at his first entrance  
 As soone as knowne 'ith world, tall striplings, strong  
 And able to giue battaile vnto Kings.

*Idolls of Yorkes malice. Ox:* And but Idolls,  
 A steelie hammer Crushes 'em to peeces.

*K:* Lambert the eldest (Lords) is in our service,  
 Prefer'd by an officious care of Dutie  
 From the Scullery to a Faulkner (strange example!)  
 Which shewes the difference betweene noble natures  
 And the base borne: but for the *upstart Duke*,  
 The new reuiu'd *Torke*, *Edwards* second sonne,  
 Murder'd long since 'ith Towre; he liues againe  
 And vows to be your King. *Stan:* The throne is filld Sir.

*K:* True *Stanlie*, and the lawfull heire sits on it;  
 A guard of Angells, and the holy prayers  
 Of loyall Subjects are a sure defence  
 Against all force and Counsaile of Intrusion.  
 But now (my Lords) put case some of our Nobles,  
 Our GREAT ONES, should giue Countenance and Courage  
 To trim Duke *Perkin*; you will all confesse  
 Our bounties haue vnthriftilly beene scatter'd  
 Amongst vnthankfull men. *Daw:* Vnthankfull beasts,  
 Dogges, villaines, traytors. *K:* *Dawbney* let the guiltie  
 Keepe silence, I accuse none, tho I know,  
 Forraigne attempts against a State and Kingdome  
 Are seldome without some great friends at home.

*Stan:* Sir, if no other abler reasons else  
 Of dutie or alegiance could divert  
 A head-strong resolution, yet the dangers



The Chronicle Historie

So lately past by *men of bloud and fortunes*  
In *Lambert Simnells* partie, must Command  
More than a feare, a terror to Conspiracie,  
The high-borne *Lincolne*, sonne to *De la Pole*,  
The Earle of *Kildare*, Lord *Geraldine*,  
*Francis* Lord *Louell*, and the German Baron,  
Bould *Martin Swart*, with *Broughton* and the rest,  
(Most spectacles of ruine, some of mercy;)  
Are presidents sufficient to forewarne  
The present times, or any that liue in them,  
What follie, nay, what madnesse 'twere to list  
A finger vp in all defence but yours,  
Which can be but impostorous in a title.

K. *Stanlie* wee know thou lou'st Vs, and thy heart  
Is figur'd on thy tongue; nor thinke wee lesse  
Of anie's here, how closely wee haue hunted  
*This Cubb* (since he vnlodg'd) from hole to hole,  
Your knowledge is our Chronicle: first *Ireland*  
The common stage of Noveltye, presented  
This *gemgaw* to oppose vs, there the *Geraldines*  
And *Butlers* once againe stood in support  
Of this *Colossicke* statue: *Charles* of *Fraunce*.  
Thence call'd him into his protection;  
Dissembled him the lawfull heire of *England*;  
Yet this was all but *French dissimulation*,  
Ayming at peace with vs, which being granted  
On honorable termes on our part, suddenly  
This *smoake of straw* was packt from *Fraunce* againe,  
To infect some grosser ayre; and now wee learne  
(Mauger the malice of the *bastard Nevill*,  
*Sir Talor*, and a hundred *English* Rebels)  
Thei'r all retir'd to *Flaunders*, to the *Dam*  
That nurs't this eager *Whelp*, *Margaret* of *Burgundie*.  
But wee will hunt him there too, wee will hunt him,  
Hunt him to death euen in the *Beldams* Closet,  
Tho the *Arch-duke* were his Buckler.

Sur: Shee has stil'd him — The faire *white rose* of *England*.

Daw: Iollie

of PERKIN WARBECK.

*Daw:* Iollie Gentleman, more fit to be a Swabber  
To the *Flemish* after a drunken surfet.

*Enter Vrswick.*

*Vr:* Gracious Soueraigne, please you peruse this paper.

*Dur:* The Kings Countenance, gathers a sprightly bloud :

*Daw:* Good newes beleue it. *K:* *Vrswick* thine care—

Th'ast lodgd him ? *Vr:* Strongly, safe Sir..

*K:* Enough, is *Barly* come to ? *Vr:* No, my Lord.

*K:* No matter—pew, hee's but a running weede,

At pleasure to be pluck'd vp by the rootes :

But more of this anon—I haue bethought mee.

( My Lords ) for reasons which you shall pertake,

It is our pleasure to remoue our Court

From *Westminster* to th' *Tower* : Wee will lodge

This very night there, giue Lord Chamberlaine

A present order for it.

*Stan:* The *Tower* — I shall sir.

*K:* Come my true, best, fast friends, these clouds will vanish,

The Sunne will shine at full : the Heauens are clearing. *Exeunt.*

Flourish.

*Enter Huntley and Dalieff.*

*Hun:* You trifle time Sir. *Dal:* Oh my noble Lord,

You conster my griefes to so hard a sence,

That where the text is argument of pittie,

Matter of earnest loue, your glosse corrupts it

With too much ill plac'd mirth.

*Hun:* Much mirth Lord *Dalieff* ?

Not so I vow : obserue mee sprightly gallant :

I know thou art a noble ladd, a handsome,

Discended from an honorable Auncestrie,

Forward and actiue, do'st resolute to wrestle,

And ruffle in the world by noble actions

For a braue mention to posteritie:

I scorne not thy affection to my Daughter,

Not I by good St. *Andrew*; but this bugg-bear,  
This whoresome tale of honor, (*honor Daliell*)  
So hourelly chatts, and fattles in mine eare,  
The peece of royaltie that is stich'd vp  
In my *Kates* bloud, that 'tis as dangerous  
For thee young Lord, to pearch so neere an Eaglet,  
As foolish for my gravitie to admit it,  
I haue spoake all at once.

*Dal*: Sir, with this truth  
You mix such Worme wood, that you leaue no hope  
For my disorderd palate, ere to relish  
A wholesome taste againe; alas, I know Sir,  
What an vnequall distance lies betweene  
Great *Huntlies* Daughters birth, and *Daliells* fortunes.  
Shee's the Kings kinswoman, plac'd neere the Crowne,  
A Princeffe of the bloud, and I a Subject.

*Hunt*: Right, but a noble Subject, put in that too.

*Dal*: I could adde more; and in the rightest line,  
Deriue my pedigree from *Adam Mure*,  
A Scottish Knight; whose daughter, was the mother  
To him who first begot the race of *Iameses*,  
That sway the Scepter to this very day.  
But kindreds are not ours, when once the date  
Of many yeares, haue swallowed vp the memory  
Of their originalls: So pasture fields  
Neighbouring too neere *the Ocean*, are soopd vp  
And knowne no more: for stood I in my first  
And natiue greatnesse, if my Princely Mistresse  
Voutsafd mee not her servant, 'twere as good  
I were reduc'd to Clownery; to nothing  
As to a throane of Wonder.

*Hunt*: Now by Saint *Andrew*

A sparke of mettall, a'has a braue fire in him.  
I would a had my Daughter so I knewt not.  
But must not bee so, must not: — well young Lord  
This will not doe yet, if the girle be headstrong  
And will not harken to good Counsaile, steale her



of PERKIN WARBECK.

And runne away with her, daunce galliards, doe,  
And friske about the world to learne the Languages :  
T'will be a thriving trade ; you may set vp by't.

*Dal:* With pardon ( *noble Gourdon* ) this disdain  
Suites not your Daughters vertue, or my constancie.

*Hunt:* You are angrie — would a would beate me, I deserue it.

*Daliell* thy hand, w'are friends ; follow thy Courtship  
Take thine owne time and speake, if thou prevail'st  
With passion more then I can with my Counsaile,  
Shees thine, nay, shee is thine, tis a faire match  
Free and allowed, Ile onely vse my tongue  
Without a Fathers power, use thou thine :  
Selfe doe selfe haue, no more words, winne and weare her.

*Dal:* You blesse mee, I am now too poore in thanks  
To pay the debt I owe you.

*Hunt:* Nay, th'art poore enough — I loue his spirit infinitely,  
Looke yee, shee comes, to her now, to her, to her.

*Enter Katherine and Iane.*

*Kat:* The King commands your presence Sir.

*Hunt:* The gallant — this this this Lord, this  
Servant ( *Kate* ) of yours, desires to be your Maister.

*Kat:* I acknowledge him, a worthy friend of mine.

*Dal:* Your humblest Creature.

*Hunt:* So, so, the games a foote, I'me in cold hunting,  
The hare and hounds are parties.

*Dal:* Princely Lady, — how most vnworthy I am to imploy  
My services, in honour of your vertues,  
How hopelesse my desires are to enjoy  
Your faire opinion, and much more your loue ;  
Are onely matter of despaire, vnlesse  
Your goodnesse giue large warrant to my boldnesse,  
My feeble-wing'd ambition. *Hunt:* This is scurvie.

*Kat:* My Lord I interrupt you not. *Hunt:* Indcede ?  
Now on my life sheel Court him — nay, nay, on Sir.

*Dal:* Oft haue I tun'd the lesson of my sorrowes  
To sweeten discord, and enrich your pittie ;

## The Chronicle Historie

But all in vaine: heere had my Comforts sunck  
And never ris'n againe, to tell a storie  
Of the *despairing Lover*, had not now  
Even now the Earle your Father.

*Hunt*: Ameanes mee sure.

*Dal*: After some fit disputes of your Condition,  
Your highnesse and my lownesse, giv'n a licence  
Which did not more embolden, then encourage  
My faulting tongue. *Hunt*: How how? how's that?  
Embolden? Encourage? I encourage yee? d'ee heare sir?  
A subtile trick, a queint one, — will you heare (man)  
What did I say to you, come come toth poynt.

*Kate*: It shall not neede my Lord.

*Hunt*: Then heare mee *Kate*:

Keepe you on that hand of her; I on this —  
Thou standst betweene a *Father* and a *Sister*,  
Both striving for an interest in thy heart:  
*Hee* Courts thee for affection, *I* for dutie;  
*Hee* as a servant pleads, but by the priviledge  
Of nature, tho I might Command, my care  
Shall onely Counsaile what it shall not force.  
Thou canst but make one choyce, the tyes of marriage  
Are tenures not at will, but during life.  
Consider whoes thou art, and who; a *Princede*,  
A *Princede* of the royall bloud of *Scotland*.  
In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beautie.  
The King that sits vpon the throne is young  
And yet vnmarried, forward in attempts  
On any least occasion, to endanger  
His person; Wherefore *Kate* as I am confident  
Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education  
By yeelding to a common servile rage  
Of female wantonneffe, so I am confident  
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side  
Thy *equals*, if not equall thy *superiors*.  
My Lord of *Daliell* youg in yeares, is old  
In honoss, but nor eminent in titles



Or in estate, that may support or adde to  
 The expectation of thy fortunes, settle  
 Thy will and reason by a strength of Iudgement;  
 For in a word, I giue thee freedome, take it.  
 If equall fates haue not ordain'd to pitch  
 Thy hopes about my height, let not thy passion  
 Leade thee to shrink mine honor in oblivion:  
 Thou art thine owne; I haue done.

*Dal:* Oh y'are all Oracle,

The living stocke and roote of truth and wisdome.

*Kat:* My worthiest *Lord and Father*, the indulgence

Of your sweete composition, thus commands

The lowest of obedience, you haue graunted  
 A libertie so large, that I want skill

To choose without direction of EXAMPLE:

From *which* I daily learne, by how much more  
 You take off from the roughnesse of a *Father*,

By so much more I am engag'd to tender  
 The dutie of a *Daughter*. For respects

Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,  
 I nor admire, nor slight them; all my studies

Shall ever ayme at *this perfection* onely,  
 To liue and dye so, that you may not blush

In any course of *mine* to owne mee yours.

*Hunt:* *Kate, Kate*, thou grow'st vpon my heart, like peace,  
 Creating every other houre a *Inbile*.

*Kate:* To you my *Lord of Dalieil*, I addresse  
 Some few remaining words, the generall fame

That speakes your merit even in vulgar tongues,  
 Proclaimes it cleare; but in the best a *President*.

*Hunt:* Good wench, good girle y' fayth.

*Kat:* For my part ( trust mee )

I value mine owne worth at higher rate,

Cause you are pleas'd to prize it; if the streame

Of your protested service ( as you terme it )

Runne in a constancie, more then a Complement;

It shall be my delight, that worthy loue

The Chronicle Historie

Leades you to worthy actions; and these guide yee  
Richly to wedde an *honourable name* :  
So every vertuous praise, in after ages,  
Shall be your heyre, and I in your braue mention,  
Be Chronicled the MOTHER of that *issue*,  
That glorious *issue*. *Hunt*: Oh that I were young againe,  
Sheed make mee Court proud danger, and sucke spirit  
From reputation.

*Kat*: To the present motion,  
Heeres all that I dare answer : when a ripenesse  
Of more experience, and some vse of time,  
Resolues to treat the freedome of my youth  
Vpon exchange of troathes, I shall desire  
No surer credit, of a match with vertue,  
Then such as liues in you ; meane time, my hopes are  
Prefer'd secure, in having you a *friend*.

*Dal*: You are a blessed Lady, and instruct  
Ambition not to soare a farther flight,  
Then in the perfum'd ayre of your soft voyce.  
My noble *Lord of Huntley*, you haue lent  
A full extent of bountie to this parley ;  
And for it, shall command your humblest seruant.

*Hunt*: Enough ; wee are still friends, and will continue  
A heartie loue, oh *Kate*, thou art *mine owne* : —  
No more, my *Lord of Crawford*.

Enter *Crawford*.

*Craw*. From the King I come my *Lord of Huntley*,  
Who in Counsaile requires your present ayde.

*Hunt*: Some weightie businesse !

*Craw*: A Secretarie from a *Duke of Yorke*,  
The second sonne to the late English *Edward*,  
Conceal'd I know not where these fourteen yeares,  
Craues audience from our *Maister*, and tis said  
The *Duke* himselfe is following to the Court.

*Hunt*: *Duke vpon Duke* ; tis well ; 'tis well heeres bustling  
For Majesty ; my *Lord*, I will along with yee.

*Craw*: My service noble Lady, *Kat*: Please yee walke fir ?

*Dal*: " Times

of PERKIN WARBECK.

*Dal:* "Times haue their changes, sorrow makes men wise,  
"The Sunne it selfe must sett as well as rise;

Then why not I—*faire Maddam* I waite on yee. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter* Durham, *Sir Robert Clifford*, and *Vrswick*: *Lights.*

*Dur:* You finde (*Sir Robert Clifford*) how securely  
*King Henry* our great Maister, doth commit  
His person to your loyaltie; you taste  
His bountie and his mercy even in this;  
That at a time of night so late, a place  
So private as his Closet, hee is pleas'd  
To admit you to his fauour; doe not faulter  
In your Discovery, but as you covet  
A liberall grace, and pardon for your follies,  
So labour to deserue it, by laying open  
All plotts, all persons, that contriue against it.

*Vrs:* Remember not the witchcraft, or the Magick,  
The charmes, and incantations, which the *Sorcereesse*  
*Of Burgundie* hath cast vpon your reason!

*Sir Robert* bee your owne friend now, discharge  
Your conscience freely, all of such as loue you,  
Stand sureties for your honestie and truth.  
Take heede you doe not dallie with the King,  
He is wise as he is gentle. *Cliff:* I am miserable,  
If *Henry* be not mercifull. *Vrs:* The King comes.

*Enter King Henry.*

*K: H:* *Clifford!* *Cliff:* Let my weake knees rot on the earth,  
If I appeare as leap'rous in my treacheries,  
Before your royall eyes; as to mine owne  
I seeme a Monster, by my breach of truth.

*K: H:* *Clifford* stand vp, for instance of thy safetie  
I offer thee my hand. *Cliff.* A soveraigne Balme  
For my brui'd Soule, I kisse it with a greedinesse.  
*Sir* you are a just Master, but I—

*K: H:* Tell me, is every circumstance, thou hast set downe  
With thine owne hand, within this paper true?  
Is it a sure intelligence of all



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The progresse of our enemies intents  
Without corruption? *Cliff:* True, as I wish heaven;  
Or my infected honor white againe.

*K: H:* Wee know all (*Clifford*) fully, since this meteor  
This ayrie apparition first discredl'd  
From *Tourney* into *Portugall*; and thence  
Advanc'd his fire blaze for adoration  
Toth superstitious *Irish*; since the beard  
Of this wilde *Comet*, Conjur'd into *Fraunce*,  
Sparkled in antick flames in *Charles* his Court:  
But shrunke againe from thence, and hid in darknesse,  
Stole into *Flaunders*, flourishing the ragges  
Of painted power on the shore of *Kent*,  
Whence *hee* was beaten backe with shame and scorne,  
Contempt, and slaughter of some naked out-lawes:  
But tell me, what new course now shapes Duke *Perkin*?

*Cliff:* For *Ireland* (mightie *Henric* :) so instructed  
By *Stephen Frion*, sometimes Secretarie  
In the *French* tongue vnto your sacred Excellence,  
But *Perkins* tutor now. *K: H:* A subtile villaine!  
That *Frion*, *Frion*, — you my Lord of *Durham*  
Knew well the man. *Dur. French* both in heart and actions!  
*K: H:* Some *Irish* heads worke in this mine of treason;  
Speake em! *Cliff.* Not any of the best; your fortune  
Hath dull'd their spleenes; never had *Counterfeit*  
Such a confused rabble of lost Banquerouts  
For Counsellors: first *Heron* a broken Mercer,  
Then *John a Water*, sometimes Major of *Corke*,  
*Sketon* a taylor and a Scrivenor  
Call'd *Astley*: and what ere these list to treat of,  
*Perkin* must harken to; but *Frion*, cunning  
Aboue these dull capacities, still prompts him,  
To flie to *Scotland* to young *James* the fourth;  
And sue for ayde to him; this is the latest  
Of all their resolutions. *K. H.* Still more *Frion*:  
Pestilent Adder, hee will hisse out poyson  
As dang'rous as infections — we must match 'em.



*Clifford* thou hast spoke home, wee giue thee life :  
 But *Clifford*, there are people of our owne  
 Remaine behinde vntold, who are they *Clifford*?  
 Name those and wee are friends, and will to rest,  
 Tis thy last taske. *Cliff.* Oh Sir, here I must breake  
 A most vnlawfull Oath to keepe a just one.

*K. H.* Well, well, be briefe, be briefe. *Cliff.* The first in ranck  
 Shall be *John Ratcliffe*, Lord *Fitzwater*, then  
 Sir *Simon Mountford*, and Sir *Thomas Thwaites*,  
 With *William Dawbegney*, *Chessoner*, *Astwood*,  
*Worsley* the Deane of *Pauls*, two other Fryars,  
 And *Robert Ratcliffe*. *K. H.* Church-men are turn'd Diuells.  
 These are the principall. *Cliff.* One more remains  
 Vn-nam'd, whom I could willingly forget.

*K. H.* Ha *Clifford*, one more? *Cliff.* Great Sir, do not heare him :  
 For when Sir *William Stanlie* your Lord *Chamberlaine*  
 Shall come into the list, as he is chiefe  
 I shall loose credit with yee, yet this Lord,  
 Last nam'd, is first against you.

*K. H.* *Vrswick* the light, view well my face Sirs,  
 Is there bloud left in it? *Dur.* You alter  
 Strangely Sir. *K. H.* Alter Lord Bishop?  
 Why *Clifford* stab'd mee, or I dream'd a' stabd mee.  
 Sirra, it is a custome with the guiltie  
 To thinke they set their owne staines off, by laying  
 Aspersions on some nobler then themselues:  
 Lyes waite on treasons, as I finde it here.  
 Thy life againe is forfeit, I recall

My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st  
 Repeate the name no more. *Cliff.* I dare, and once more  
 Vpon my knowledge, name Sir *William Stanlie*  
 Both in his counsaile, and his purse, the chiefe  
 Assistant, to the fain'd Duke of *Yorke*. *Dur.* Most strange!

*Vrs.* Most wicked! *K. H.* Yet againe, once more;  
*Cliff.* Sir *William Stanlie* is your secret enemy,  
 And if time fit, will openly professe it.

*K. H.* Sir *William Stanlie*? Who? Sir *William Stanlie*

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My Chamberlaine, my Counsellor, the loue,  
The pleasure of my Court, my bosome friend,  
The Charge, and the Controulement of my person;  
The keyes and secrets of my treasurie;  
The *all of all* I am: I am vnhappie:  
Miserie of confidence, — let mee turne traytor  
To mine owne person, yeeld my Scepter vp  
To *Edwards Sister*, and her *bastard Duke!*

*Dur.* You loose your constant temper.

*K. H.* Sir *William Stanlie!*

Oh doe not blame mee; *hee*, twas onely *hee*  
Who having rescu'd mee in *Bosworth field*  
From *Richards* bloody sword, snatch'd from his head  
The Kingly Crowne, and plac'd it first on mine.  
*Hee* never fail'd mee; what haue I deserv'd  
To loose this good mans heart, or *hee*, his owne?

*Vrs:* The night doth waste, this passion ill becomes yee;  
Provide against your danger. *K. H.* Let it be so.  
*Vrswick* command streight *Stanly* to his chamber,  
Tis well wee are ith *Tower*; set a guard on him;  
*Clifford* to bed; you must lodge here to night,  
Weel talke with you to morrow: my sad soule  
Devines strange troubles. *Dawb:* Ho, the King, the King,  
I must haue entrance. *K. H.* *Dawbneys* voyce; admit him.  
What new combustions huddle next to keepe  
Our eyes from rest? — the newes?

*Enter Dawbney.*

*Daw:* Ten thousand *Cornish* grudging to pay your  
Subsidies, haue gatherd a head, led by a  
Blacksmith, and a Lawyer, they make for *London*,  
And to them is joyn'd Lord *Audlie*, as they march,  
Their number daily encreases, they are —

*K. H.* Rascalls — talke no more;  
Such are not worthie of my thoughts to night:  
And if I cannot sleepe, Ile wake: — to bed.  
When Countailes faile, and theres in *man* no trust,  
Even then, an arme from *heaven*, fights for the just.

*Finis Actus primi.*

*Excurs.*  
*Actus*

*Actus Secundus : Scena prima.*

*Enter above : Countesse of Crawford, Katherine, Iane,  
with other Ladies.*

*Coun.* **C**OME Ladies, heeres a solemne preparation  
For entertainment of this *English Prince* ;  
The King intends grace more then ordinarie,  
Twere pittie now, if a' should proue a *Counterfeit*.

*Kat:* Blesse the young man, our Nation would be laughd at  
For honest soules through Christendome : my father  
Hath a weake stomacke to the businesse ( Madam )  
But that the King must not be crost. *Coun:* A'brings  
A goodly troope ( they say ) of gallants with him ;  
But very modest people, for they strive not  
To fame their names too much ; their god-fathers  
May be beholding to them, but their fathers  
Scarce owe them thankses : they are disguised Princes,  
Brought vp it seemes to honest trades ; no matter ;  
They will breake forth in season. *Iane.* Or breake out.

For most of em are broken by report ; — The King,

*Kat.* Let vs obserue 'em and be silent.

Flourish.

*Enter King James, Huntley, Crawford, and Daliell.*

*K. J.* The right of Kings ( my Lords ) extends not onely  
To the safe Conservation of their owne ;  
But also to the ayde of such Allies  
As change of time, and state, hath often times  
Hurld downe from carefull Crownes, to vndergoe  
An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes :  
So English *Richard* furnam'd *Cor-de-lyon*,  
So *Robert Bruce* our royall Ancestor,  
Forc'd by the tryall of the wrongs they felt,  
Both sought, and found supplies, from forraigne Kings  
To repesse their owne : then grudge not ( Lords )  
A much distressed Prince, King *Charles of Fraunce*,  
And *Maximilian of Bohemia* both,



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Whose issue might be question'd. For your bountie,  
Royall magnificence to him that seekes it,  
WEE vow hereafter, to demeane our selfe,  
As if wee were your owne, and naturall brother :  
Omitting no occasion in *our person*,  
To expresse a gratitude, beyond example.

*K. I.* Hee must bee more then subject, who can vtter  
The language of a King, and such is thine.  
Take this for answer, bee what ere thou art,  
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put  
Thy cause, and person, into my protection.  
*Cosen of Yorke*, thus once more Wee embrace thee ;  
Welcome to *James of Scotland*, for thy safetie,  
Know such as loue thee not, shall never wrong thee.  
Come, wee will taste a while our Court delights,  
Dreame hence afflictions past, and then procede  
To high attempts of honor, on, leade on ;  
Both thou and thine are ours, and wee will guard yee.  
Leade on. — *Exeunt, Maient Ladies above.*

*Coun:* I haue not seene a Gentleman  
Of a more brane aspect, or goodlier carriage ;  
His fortunes moue not him — Madam, yare passionate.

*Kat:* Beshrew mee, but his words haue touchd mee home,  
As if his cause concernd mee ; I should pittie him  
If a' should proue another then hee seemes.

*Enter Crawford.*

*Craw.* Ladies the King commands your presence instantly,  
For entertainment of *the Duke*. *Kat.* *The Duke*  
Must then be entertain'd, the King obeyd :  
It is our dutie. *Coun:* Wee will all waite on him. *Exeunt.*

Flourish.

*Enter King Henry : Oxford ; Durham ; Surrey.*

*K: H:* Haue yee condem'd my Chamberlaine ?

*Dur.* His treasons condem'd him ( Sir, ) which were as

Gleere



Cleere and manifest, as foule and dangerous:  
 Besides the guilt of his conspiracie prest him  
 So neerely, that it drew from him free  
 Confession without an importunitie.

*K: H:* Oh Lord Bishop,  
 This argued shame, and sorrow for his follie;  
 And must not stand in evidence against  
 Our mercie, and the softnesse of our nature;  
 The rigor and extremitie of Law  
 Is sometimes too too bitter, but wee carry  
 A Chancerie of pittie in our bosome.  
 I hope wee may repreiue him from the sentence  
 Of death; I hope, we may. *Dur:* You may, you may;  
 And so perswade your Subjects, that the title  
 Of *Yorke* is better, nay, more just, and lawfull,  
 Then yours of *Lancaster*; so *Stanlie* holds:  
 Which if it be not treason in the highest,  
 Then we are traytors all; perjurd and false,  
 Who haue tooke oath to *Henry*, and the justice  
 Of *Henries* title; *Oxford, Surrey, Dambney,*  
 With all your other Peeres of State, and Church,  
 Forsworne, and *Stanlie* true alone to Heaven,  
 And *Englands* lawfull heire. *Ox:* By *Veres* old honors,  
 Ile cut his throate dares speake it. *Sur:* Tis a quarrell  
 To' ingage a soule in. *K: H:* What a coyle is here,  
 To keepe my gratitude sincere and perfect?  
*Stanlie* was once my friend, and came in time  
 To saue my life; yet to say truth (my Lords,)  
 The man staid long enough t'indanger it:  
 But I could see no more into his heart,  
 Then what his outward actions did present;  
 And for 'em haue rewarded 'em so fullie,  
 As that there wanted nothing in our gift  
 To gratifie his merit, as I thought,  
 Vnlesse I should deuide my Crowne with him,  
 And giue him halfe; tho now I well perceiue  
 Twould scarce haue seru'd his turne, without the whole.

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But I am Charitable ( Lords ) let Iustice  
Proceede in execution, whiles I mourne  
The losse of one, whom I esteemd a friend.

*Dur:* Sir, he is comming this way. *K:* *H:* If a'speake to me,  
I could denie him nothing ; to prevent it,  
I must withdraw, pray ( Lords ) commend my favours  
To his last peace, which I with him, will pray for:  
That done, it doth concerne vs, to consult  
Of other fo'lowing troubles. *Exeunt.*

*Ox:* I am glad hee's gone, vpon my life he would  
Haue pardon'd the Traytor, had a'seene him.

*Sur:* 'Tis a King compos'd of gentleness.

*Dur:* Rare, and vnheard of ;  
But every man is neere to himselfe,  
And that the King obserues, tis fit a' should.

*Enter Stanly ; Executioner : Vrswick and Dawbney.*

*Stan:* May I not speake with *Clifford* ere I shake  
This peice of Frailtie off? *Dawb:* You shall, hees sent for.

*Stan:* I must not see the King? *Dur:* From him Sir *William*  
These Lords and I am sent, hee bad vs say  
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts ;  
Wishing the Lawes of *England* could remit  
The forfeit of your life, as willingly  
As he would in the sweetness of his nature,  
Forget your trespassse ; but how ere your body  
Fall into dust, Hee vowes, *the King himselfe*  
Doth vow, to keepe a *requiem* for your soule,  
As for a friend, close treatur'd in his bosome.

*Ox:* Without remembrance of your errors past,  
I come to take my leaue, and wish you Heaven.

*Sur:* And I, good Angells guard yee. *Stan:* Oh the King  
Next to my soule, shall be the neere subject  
Of my last prayers ; my graue *Lord of Durham,*  
My Lords of *Oxford, Surrey, Dawbney,* all,  
Accept from a poore dying man, a farewell.

of PERKIN WARBECK.

I was as you are once, great, and stood hopefull  
Of many flourishing yeares, but fate, and time  
Haue wheeld about, to turne mee into nothing.

*Enter Clifford.*

*Daw:* Sir Robert Clifford comes, the man ( Sir William )  
You so desire to speake with. *Dur:* Marke their meeting.

*Cliff:* Sir William Stanlie, I am glad your Conscience  
Before your end, hath emptied every burthen  
Which charg'd it, as that you can cleerely witness,  
How farre I haue proceeded in a dutie  
That both concern'd my truth, and the States safetic.

*Stan:* Mercy, how deare is life to such as hugge it ?  
Come hether— *by this token* thinke on mee—

*Cliff:* This token? What? I am abuld? } *Makes a Crosse*

*Stan:* You are not. } *on Cliffords face*

} *with his finger.*

I wett vpon your cheekes a holy Signe,  
*The Crosse*, the Christians badge, the Traytors infamie;  
Weare Clifford to thy graue this painted Emblem:  
Water shall never wash it off, all eyes  
That gaze vpon thy face, shall reade there written,  
A State-Informers Character, more vglie  
Stamp'd on a noble name, then on a base.  
The Heavens forgiue thee; pray ( my Lords ) no change  
Of words: this man and I haue vsu too manie.

*Cliff:* Shall I be disgrac'd without repleie? *Dur.* Giue loosers  
Leaue to talke; his losse is irrecoverable. *Stan:* Once more  
To all a long farewell; the best of greatnesse  
Preferue the King; my next suite is ( my Lords )  
To be remembered to my noble Brother,  
*Darby* my much griev'd brother; Oh! perswade him,  
That I shall stand no blemish to his house,  
In Chronicles writ in another age.  
My heart doth bleede for him; and for his sighes,  
Tell him, hee must not thinke, the stile of *Darby*,  
Nor being husband to King *Henries* Mother,  
The league with Peeres, the smiles of Fortune, can  
Secure his peace, about the state of man:



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I take my leaue, to travaile to my dust,  
“ Subjects deserue their deaths whose Kings are just.

Come Confessor, on with thy Axe ( friend ) on.  
*Cliff:* Was I call'd hither by a Traytors breath  
To be vpbraided? Lords, the King shall know it.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter King Henry with a white staffe.*

*K: H:* The King doth know it Sir; the King hath heard  
What he or you could say; Wee haue given credit  
To every point of *Cliffords* information,  
The onely evidence 'gainst *Stanlies* head.

A' dyes fort, are you pleas'd? *Cliff:* I pleas'd my Lord!

*K: H:* No ecchoes: for your service, wee dismisse  
Your more attendance on the Court; take ease  
And liue at home; but as you loue your life,  
Stirre not from *London* without leaue from vs.  
Weele thinke on your reward, away.

*Cliff:* I goe Sir.

*Exit Clifford.*

*K: H:* Dye all our griefes with *Stanlie*; take this staffe  
Of office *Dawbney*, henceforth be our Chamberlaine.

*Dawb:* I am your humblest servant.

*K: H:* Wee are followed

By enemies at home, that will not cease  
To seeke their owne confusion; 'tis most true,  
The *Cornish* vnder *Awdley* are marcht on  
As farre as *Winchester*; but let them come,  
Our forces are in readinesse, weele catch 'em  
In their owne toyles. *Dawb:* Your Armie, being mustred,  
Consist in all, of horse and foote, at least  
In number six and twentie thousand; men  
Daring, and able, resolute to fight,  
And loyall in their truthes.

*K: H:* Wee know it *Dawbuey*:

For them, wee order thus, *Oxford* in chiefe  
Assisted by bolde *Essex*, and the *Earle*  
Of *Suffolke*, shall leade on the first Battalia:  
Be that your charge.

*Oxf:* I humbly



of PERKIN WARBECK.

*Ox:* I humbly thanke your Majestie.

*K: H:* The next Devision wee assigne to *Dambney*:

These must be men of action, for on those  
The fortune of our fortunes, must relie.  
The last and mayne, *our selfe* com nands in person,  
As readie to restore the fight at all times,  
As to consummate an assured victorie.

*Damb:* The King is still oraculous, *K: H:* But *Surrey*,

Wee haue imployment of more toyle for thee!  
For our intelligence comes swiftly to vs,  
That *James of Scotland*, late hath entertaind  
*Perkin* the counterseite, with more then common  
Grace and respect; nay courts *him* with rare favours;  
The *Scot* is young and forward, wee must looke for  
A suddaine storme to *England* from the *North*:  
Which to withstand, *Durham* shall post to *Norham*,  
To fortifie the Castle, and secure  
The frontiers, against an Invasion there.

*Surrey* shall follow soone, with such an Armie,

As may relieue the Bishop, and incounter

On all occasions, the *death-daring Scots*.

You know your charges *all*, 'tis now a time

To execute, not talke, Heaven is our guard still.

Warre must breede peace, such is the fate of Kings.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Crawford and Daliell.*

*Crawf:* Tis more then strange, my reason cannot answere  
Such argument of fine Imposiure, coucht  
In witch-craft of perswasion, that it fashions  
Impossibilities, as if appearance  
Could cozen *truth it selfe*; this Duk-ling Mushrome  
Hath doubtlesse charm'd the King. *Daliell:* A' courts the Ladies,  
As if his strength of language, chaynd attention  
By power of prerogatiue. *Crawf:* It madded  
My very soule, to heare our *Maisters* motion:  
What suretie both of amitie, and honor,

*Must*

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Must of necessitie insue vpon  
A match betwixt some noble of our Nation,  
And this braue Prince forsooth, *Dal:* T will proue to fatall,  
Wise *Huntley* feares the threatning. Blesse the Ladie  
From such a ruine. *Gra:* How the Counsaile prouie  
Of this young *Phucton*, doe skrewe their faces  
Into a gravitie, their trades ( good people )  
Were never guiltie of? the meanest of 'em  
Dreames of at least an office in the State.

*Dal:* Sure not the Hangmans, tis bespoken already  
For service to their rogueshippes — silence.

Enter King James and Huntley.

*K:* James, Doe not —

Argue against our will; wee haue descended  
Somewhat ( as wee may tearme it ) too familiarly  
From Iustice of our birth-right, to examine  
The force of your alleagence: — Sir, wee haue;  
But finde it short of dutie!

*Hunt:* Breake my heart,

Doe, doe, King; haue my services, my loyaltie,  
( Heaven knowes vntainted ever ) drawne vpon mee  
Contempt now in mine age? when I but wanted  
A minute of a peace not to be troubled?  
My last, my long one? Let me be a Dotard,  
A Bedlame, a poore sot, or what you please  
To haue me, so you will not staine your bloud,  
Your owne bloud ( royall Sir ) though mixt with mine,  
By marriage of this girle to a straggler!

Take, take my head Sir, whilst my tongue can wagge  
It cannot name him other. *K:* *la:* Kings are counterfeits

In your repute ( graue Oracle ) not presently  
Set on their thrones, with Scepters in their fists:

But vse your owne detraction: tis our pleasure  
To giue our *Cosen Yorke* for wife our kinswoman

The *Ladie Katherine*: Instinct of soveraigntie  
Designes the honor, though her peevish Father

Vsurps our Resolution. *Hunt:* O tis well,

Exceeding

Exceeding well, I never was ambitious  
 Of vsing Congeys to my Daughter *Queene*:  
 A *Queene*, perhaps a *Queene*? — Foi giue me *Daliell*  
 Thou honorable Gentleman, none here  
 Dare speake one word of Comfort? *Dal*: Cruell misery!

*Craw*: The Lady gracious Prince, may be hath setled  
 Affection on some former choyce.

*Dal*: Inforcement, would proue but tyrannie.

*Hunt*. I thanke 'ee heartily.

Let any yeoman of our Nation challenge  
 An interest in *the girle*: then the King  
 May adde a Ioynture of ascent in titles,  
 Worthy a free consent; now a' pulls downe  
 What olde Desert hath builded. *K. Ia.* Cease perswasions,  
 I violate no pawnes of faythes, intrude not  
 On private loues; that I haue play'd the Orator  
 For Kingly *Yorke* to vertuous *Kate*, her grant  
 Can iustifie, referring her contents  
 To our provision, the *Welch Harrie*, henceforth  
 Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,  
 That not the paynted Idoll of his pollicie,  
 Shall fright the lawfull owner from a Kingdome.  
 Wee are resolv'd. *Hunt*. Some of thy Subjects hearts  
*King James* will bleede for this! *K. Ia.* Then shall their blouds  
 Be nobly spent; no more disputes, hee is not  
 Our friend who contradicts vs. *Hunt*. Farewell Daughter!  
 My care *by one* is lessened; thanke the King for't, *Enter.*  
 I and my griefes will daunce now, — Looke Lords looke,  
 Heeres hand in hand alreadie? *K. Ia.* Peace olde phrensie.

*Enter Warbeck leading Katherine, complementsing;*  
*Countesse of Crawford, Iane, Frion, Major*  
*of Corke, Astley, Heron and Skeson.*

How like a' King alookes? Lords, but obserue  
 The confidence of his aspect? Drosse cannot  
 Cleaue to so pure a mettall; royall youth!  
*Plantaginet* vndoubted! *Hunt*: Ho braue Lady!



But no *Plantagenet* byr Lady yet  
By red Rose or by white. *Warb.* An Vnion this way,  
Settles possession in a Monarchie

Establisht rightly, as is my inheritance:  
Acknowledge me but Sovereaigne of this Kingdome,  
*Your heart* ( sayre Princes ) and the hand of providence,  
Shall crowne you Queene of me, and my best fortunes.

*Kath.* Where my obedience is ( my Lord ) a dutie,  
Loue owestrue service. *Warb:* Shall I? — *K. Ia:* Cossen yes,  
Enjoy her; from my hand accept your bride;  
And may they liue at emnitie with comfort,  
Who grieue at such an equall pledge of trothes.

Y'are the Princes wife now. *Kath:* By your gift Sir;  
*Warb:* Thus I take seisure of mine owne. *Kath:* I misse yet

A fathers blessing: Let me finde it; — humbly  
Vpon my knees I seeke it. *Hunt:* I am *Huntley*  
Olde *Alexander Guerdon*, a plaine subject,  
Nor more, nor lesse; and Ladie, if you wish for  
A blessing, you must bend your knees to Heaven;  
For Heaven did giue me you; alas, alas,  
What would you haue me say? may all the happinesse

My prayers ever sued to fall vpon you,  
Preferue you in your vertues; — preethee *Daliell*  
Come with me; for, I feele thy griefes as full

As mine, lets steale away, and cry together. } *Exeunt Huntley*  
} *and Daliell.*

*Dal:* My hopes are in their ruines.

*K. Ia.* Good kinde *Huntley*

Is over-joy'd, a fit solemnitie,  
Shall perfit these delights: *Crawford* attend

Our order for the preparation. } *Exeunt, manent, Frior, Ma-*  
} *jor, Astley, Heron, & Sketon.*

*Fri:* Now worthy Gentlemen, haue I not followed  
My vndertakings with successe? Heeres entrance  
Into a certaintie about a hope.

*Heron.* Hopes are but hopes, I was ever confident, when I tra-  
ded but in remnants, that my starres had reserv'd me to the title of  
a Viscount at least, honor is honor though cut out of any stufes.

*Sket:*

*Sket:* My brother *Heron*, hath right wisely delivered his opinion: for he that threds his needle with the sharpe eyes of industrie, shall in time goe through-stitch, with the new suite of preferment.

*Astley.* Spoken to the purpose my fine witted brother *Sketon*, for as no Indenture, but has its counterpawne; no *Noverint* but his Condition, or Defeysance; so no right, but may haue claime, no claime but may haue possession, any act of *Parlament* to the Contrary notwithstanding.

*Frion.* You are all read in mysteries of State,  
And quicke of apprehension, deepe in judgement,  
Active in resolution; and tis pittie  
Such counsaile should lye buried in obscuritie.  
But why in such a time and cause of triumph,  
Stands the judicious *Major of Corke* so silent?  
Beleue it Sir, as ENGLISH RICHARD prospers,  
You must not misse imployment of high nature.

*Major.* If men may be credited in their mortalitie, which I dare not peremptorily averre, but they may, or not be; presumptions by this marriage are then (in sooth) of fruitfull expectation. Or else I must not justifie other mens beliefs, more then other should relie on mine.

*Frion.* Pith of experience, those that haue borne office,  
Weigh every word before it can drop from them;  
But noble Counsellors, since now the present,  
Requires in poynt of honor (pray mistake not)  
Some service to our Lord; 'tis fit the *Scotts*  
Should not ingrosse all glory to themselues,  
At this so grand, and eminent solemnitie.

*Sket:* The *Scotts*? the motion is defied: I had rather, for my part, without tryall of my Countrie, suffer persecution vnder the pressing Iron of reproach: or let my skinne be pincht full of oylett holes, with the *Boottin* of Derision.

*Ast:* I will sooner loose both my eares on the *Pillorie* of Forgerie.

*Heron.* Let me first liue a Barckrout, and die in the lowsee hole of hunger, without compounding for six pence in the pound.

# The Chronicle Historie

*Major.* If men faile not in their expectations, there may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts (*Master Secretarie Frion*) or I am cozen'd: which is possible I graunt.

*Frion.* Resolv'd like men of knowledge; at this feast then In honor of the Bride, the *Scotts* I know, Will in some shew, some maske, or some Devise, Preferre their duties: now it were vncomely, That wee be found lesse forward for *our Prince*, Then they are for their Ladie; and by how much Wee out-shine them in persons of account, By so much more will our indeavours meete with A liuelier applause. Great Emperours, Haue for their recreations vndertooke Such kinde of pastimes; as for the Conceite, Referre it to my studie; the performance You all shall share a thanks in, twill be gratefull.

*Heron.* The motion is allowed, I haue stole to a dauncing Schoole when I was a Prentice.

*Asth:* There haue beene *Irish*-Hubbubs, when I haue made one too.

*Sket:* For fashioning of shapes, and cutting a crosse-caper, turne me off to my trade againe.

*Major.* Surely, there is, if I be not deceived, a kinde of gravitie in merriment: as, there is, or perhaps ought to be, respect of persons in the qualitie of carriage, which is, as it is construed, either *so*, or *so*.

*Frion.* Still you come home to me; vpon occasion I finde you relish Courtship with discretion: And such are fit for Statesmen of your merits. Pray'e waite *the Prince*, and in his eare acquaint him With this Designe, Ile follow and direct ee'.  
O the toyle

(*Exeunt, mane Frion.*)

Of humoring this abject scumme of mankinde?  
Muddie-braynd peasants? Princes feele a miserie  
Beyond impartiall sufferance, whose extreames  
Must yeelde to such abettors; yet our tyde  
Runnes smoothly without aduerse windes; runne on!



of PERKIN WARBECK.

Flow to a full sea ! time alone debates,  
Quarrells forewritten in the Booke of fates.

*Exit.*

*Actus Tertius : Scena prima.*

*Enter King Henrie, his Gorget on, his sword, plume of feathers, leading Staffe, and Vrswicke.*

*K: H:* **H**OW runnes the time of day ?  
*Vrsw:* Past tenne my Lord.

*K: H:* A bloodie houre will it proue to some,  
Whose disobedience, like the sonnes 'oth earth,  
Throw a defiance 'gainst the face of Heaven.  
*Oxford, with Essex, and stout De la Poole,*  
Haue quietted the *Londoners* ( I hope )  
And set them safe from feare ! *Vrs:* They are all silent.

*K: H:* From their owne battlements, they may behold,  
*Saint Georges fields* orespred with armed men ;  
Amongst whom, our owne royall Standard threatens  
Confusion to opposers ; wee must learne  
To practise warré againe in time of peace,  
Or lay our Crowne before our Subjects feete,  
Ha, *Vrswicke*, must we not ? *Vrsw:* The powers, who seated  
*King Henry* on his lawfull throne, will ever  
Rise vp in his defence. *K: H:* Rage shall not fright  
The bosome of our confidence ; in *Kent*  
Our *Cornish Rebels* cozen'd of their hopes,  
Met braue resistance by that *Countryes Earle,*  
*George Aburgenie, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,*  
And other loyall hearts ; now if *Black heath*  
Must be reserv'd the fatall tombe to swallow  
Such stifneckt Abjects, as with wearie Marches,  
Haue travaild from their homes, their wiues, and children,  
To pay in stead of *Subsidies* their liues,  
Wee may continue *Soveraigne* ? yet *Vrswicke*

# The Chronicle Historie

Wee'le not abate one pennie, what in *Parliament*  
Hath freely beene contributed ; wee must not ;  
*Money giues soule to action* ; Our Competitor,  
The *Flemish Counterfeit*, with *James of Scotland*,  
Will proue, what courage *needs, and want*, can nourish

Without the foode of fit supplyes ; but *Vrswicke*  
I haue a charme in secret, that shall loose  
The Witch-craft, wherewith young *King James* is bound,  
And free it at my pleasure without bloud-shed.

*Vrsw*: Your Majestie's a wise King, sent from Heaven  
Protector of the just.

*K. H.* Let dinner cheerefully  
Be serv'd in ; this day of the weeke is ours,  
*Our day of providence*, for *Saturday*  
Yet never fayld in all my vndertakings,  
To yeeld me rest at night ; what meanes this warning ?  
Good Fate, speake peace to *Henry*.

A Flourish.

*Enter Dawbney, Oxford, and attendants.*

*Dawb*: Line the King,  
Triumphant in the ruine of his enemies.

*Oxf*: The head of strong rebellion is cut off ;  
The body hew'd in peeces : *K: H: Dawbney, Oxford,*  
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands  
The comfort of your wishes ? *Dawb*: Briefly thus :  
The *Cornish* vnder *Awdley* disappoynted  
Of flattered expectation, from the *Kentish*  
( Your Majesties right trustie Liegemen ) flewe,  
Featherd by rage, and hartned by presumption,  
To take the field, even at your Pallace gates,  
And face you in your *chamber Royall* ; Arrogance,  
Improu'd their ignorance ; for they supposing,  
( Misled by rumor ) that the day of battaile  
Should fall on Munday, rather brav'd your forces  
Then doubted any onset ; yet this Morning,  
When in the dawning I by your direction

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Stroue to get *Dertford Strand bridge*, there I found  
 Such a resistance, as might shew what strength  
 Could make; here Arrows hayld in showers vpon vs  
*A full yard long at least*; but wee prevayld.  
 My Lord of *Oxford* with his fellow Peeres,  
 Invironing the hill, fell feircely on them  
 On the one side, I on the other, till ( great Sir )  
 ( Pardon the over-sight ) eager of doing  
 Some memorable act, I was engagd  
 Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soone  
 As sensible of daunger: now the fight  
 Beganne in heate, which quenched in the bloud of  
 Two thousand Rebels, and as many more  
 Reserv'd to trie your mercy, have return'd  
 A victory with safetie. *K: H:* Have we lost  
 An equall number with them? *Oxf:* In the totall  
 Scarcely foure hundred: *Awdley, Flammock, Ioseph,*  
 The Ring-leaders of this Commotion,  
 Raled in ropes, fit *Ornaments* for traytors,  
 Waite your determinations. *K: H:* Wee must pay  
 Our thanks where they are onely-due: Oh, Lords,  
 Here is no victorie, nor shall our people  
 Conceiue that wee can triumph in their falles.  
 Alas, poore soules! Let such as are escapt  
 Steale to the Countrey backe without pursuite:  
 There's not a drop of bloud spilt, but hath drawne  
 As much of mine, their swords could haue wrought wonders  
 On their Kings part, who faintly were vnsh Heath'd  
 Against their Prince, but wounded their owne breasts.  
 Lords wee are debtors to your care, our payment  
 Shall be both sure, and fitting your Deserts.

*Dawb:* Sir, will you please to see those Rebels, heads  
 Of this wilde Monster multitude? *K: H:* Deare friend,  
 My faithfull *Dawbney*, no; on them our Iustice  
 Must frowne in terror, I will not vouchsafe  
 An eye of pittie to them, let false *Awdley*  
 Be drawne vpon an hurdle from the *New-gate*



# The Chronicle Historie

*Dal:* Deceiu'd? Oh noble *Huntley*, my few yeares  
Haue learnt experience of too ripe an age  
To forfeite fit credulitie, forgieue  
My rudenesse, I am bolde. *Hunt:* Forgieue me first  
A madnesse of ambition, by example  
Teach me humilitie, for patience scornes,  
Lectures which Schoolemen vse to reade to boyes  
Vncapable of injuries; though olde  
I could grow tough in furie, and disclaime  
Alleagence to my King, could fall at odds  
With all my fellow Peeres, that durst not stand  
Defendants 'gainst the rape done on mine honor.  
But Kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling  
With their annoynted bodies, for their actions,  
They onely are accountable to Heaven.  
Yet in the puzzle of my troubled braine  
One Antidote's reserv'd against the poyson  
Of my distractions, tis in thee t'apply it.

*Dal:* Name it, oh name it quickly Sir! *Hunt:* A pardon  
For my most foolish sleighting thy Deserts,  
I haue culd out this time to beg it, preethee  
Be gentle, had I beene so, thou hadst own'd  
A happie Bride, but now a cast away,  
And never childe of mine more.

*Dal:* Say not so ( Sir, ) it is not fault in her.

*Hunt:* The world would prate  
How shee was handsome; young I know shee was,  
Tender, and sweet in her obedience;  
But lost now; what a banckrupt am I made  
Of a full stocke of blessings. — must I hope  
a mercy from thy heart? *Dal:* A loue, a service,  
A friendship to posteritie. *Hunt:* Good Angells  
Reward thy charitie, I haue no more  
But prayers left me now. *Dal:* Ile lend you mirth ( Sir )  
If you will be in Consort. *Hunt:* Thank e yee truly:  
I must, yes, yes, I must; heres yet some ease,  
A partner in affliction, looke not angry.

*Dal:* Good

of PERKIN WARBECK.

*Dal:* Good noble Sir.

*Hunt:* Oh harke, wee may be quiet,  
The King and all the others come : a meeting  
Of gawdie fights ; this dayes the last of Revells ;  
To morrow sounds of warre ; then new exchange :  
Fiddles must turne to swords, vnhappie marriage !  
Flourish.

*Enter King James, Warbecke leading Katherine, Crawford,  
Countesse, and Iane, Huntley, and Daliell fall among them.*

*K: Ia: Cosen of Yorke, you and your Princely Bride,*  
Haue liberally enjoy'd such soft delights,  
As a new married couple could fore-thinke :  
Nor ha's our bountie shortned expectation ;  
But after all those pleasures of repose,  
Or amorous safetic, wee must rowse the ease  
Of dalliance, with achievements of more glorie,  
Then sloath and sleepe can furnish : yet, for farewell,  
Gladly wee entertaine a truce with time,  
To grace the joynt endeavours of our servants.

*Warb:* My Royall Cosen, in your Princely favour,  
The extent of bountie hath bene so vnlimited,  
As onely an acknowledgement in words,  
Would breede suspition in our state, and qualitie ;  
When *Wee* shall in the fulnesse of our fate  
( Whose Minister *necessitie* will perfitte, )  
Sit on our *owne throne* ; then our armes laid open  
To gratitude, in sacred memory  
Of these large benefits, shall twyne them close  
Even to our thoughts, and heart, without distinction.  
Then *James*, and *Richard*, being in effect  
*Ove person*, shall vnite and rule *one people*.  
Devisible in titles onely. *K: Ia:* Seate yee' ;  
Are the presentors readie ?

*Crawf:* All are entring.

*Hunt:* Daintie sport toward *Daliell*, sit, come sit,  
Sit and be quiet, here are Kingly buggs words.

# The Chronicle Historie

**Enter at one dore foure Scotch Antickes, accordingly habited ; Enter at another foure wilde Irish in Trowes, long hayred, and accordingly habited.**  
Musicke.  
The Maskers daunce.

**K: Ia:** To all a generall thanks!

**Warb:** In the next Roome

Take your owne shapes againe, you shall receiue

Particular acknowledgement. **K: Ia:** Enough

Of merriments; **Crawford**, how far's our Armie

Vpon the March? **Craw:** At *Hedenhall* (great King)

Twelue thousand well prepard. **K: Ia:** **Crawford**, to night

Post thither! *Wee* in person with the Prince

By foure a clocke to morrow after dinner,

Will be w'ee; speede away! **Craw.** I flie my Lord.

**K: I:** Our businesse growes to head now, where's your  
Secretarie that he attends 'ee not to serue?

**Warb:** With *March-mont* your Herald.

**K: Ia:** Good: the Proclamations readie;

By that it will appeare, how the *English* stand

Affected to your title; *Huntley* comfort

Your Daughter in her *Husbands* absence; fight

With prayers at home for vs, who for your honors,

Must toyle in fight abroad.

**Hunt:** Prayers are the weapons,

Which men, so neere their graues as I, doe vse.

I've little else to doe,

**K: Ia:** To rest young beauties!

Wee must be early stirring, quickly part,

" A Kingdomes rescue craues both speede and art.

Coffens good night.

*Flourish.*

**Warb:** Rest to our Coffen King. **Kath:** Your blessing Sir;

Faire blessings on your Highnesse, sure you neede 'em.

*Exeunt omnes, Manent, Warb. & Katherine.*

**Warb:** *Iane* set the lights downe, and from vs returne

To those in the next roome, this little purse

Say we'ele deserue their loues. **Iane.** It shall be done Sir.

**Warb:** Now



## of PERKIN WARBECK.

*Warb:* Now dearest; ere sweet sleepe shall seale those eyes,  
(Leues pretious tapers,) giue me leau to vse  
A parting Ceremonie; for to morrowe,  
It would be sacriledge to intrude vpon  
The temple of thy peace: swift as the morning,  
Must I breake from the downe of thy embraces,  
To put on steele, and trace the pathes which leade  
Through various hazards to a carefull throne.

*Kath:* My Lord, I would faine goe w'ee, theres small fortune  
In staying here behinde. *Warb:* The churlish browe  
Of warre (faire dearest) is a sight of horror  
For Ladies entertainment; if thou hear'st  
A truth of my sad ending by the hand  
Of some *unnaturall subject*, thou withall  
Shalt heare, how I dyed worthie of my right,  
By falling like a KING, and in the close  
Which my last breath shall sound; thy name, thou sayrest  
Shalt sing a *requiem*, to my soule, vnwilling  
Onely of greater glorie, 'cause deuided  
From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.  
But these are chimes for funeralls, my businesse  
Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;  
For loue and Majestie are reconcil'd,  
And vow to crowne thee *Empresse of the West*.

*Kath:* You haue a noble language (Sir,) your right  
In mee is without question, and howeuer  
Events of time may shorten my deserts,  
In others pittie; yet it shall not stagger,  
Or constancie, or dutie in a wife.  
You must be *King of me*, and my poore heart  
Is all I can call mine. *Warb:* But we will liue;  
Liue (beauteous vertue) by the liuely test  
Of our owne bloud, to let the *Counterfeste*  
Be knowne the worlds contempt.

*Kath:* Pray doe not vse  
That word, it carries fate in't; the first suite  
I ever made, I trust your loue will graunt!

## The Chronicle Historie

*Warb:* Without deniall (dearest.) *Kath:* That hereafter,  
If you returne with safetie, no adventure  
May sever vs in tasting any fortune ;  
I nere can stay behinde againe. *Warb:* Y'are Ladie  
Of your desires, and shall commaund your will :  
Yet 'tis too hard a promise.

*Kath:* What our Destinies  
Haue rul'd out in their Bookes, wee must not search  
But kneele too.

*Warb:* Then to feare when hope is fruitlesse,  
Were to be desperately miserable ;  
Which povertie, our greatnesse dares not dreame of,  
And much more scornes to stoope to ; some fewe minutes  
Remaine yet, let's be thriftie in our hopes. *Exeunt*

*Enter King Henrie, Hialas, and Vrswicke.*

*K: H:* Your name is *Pedro Hialas* ; a *Spaniard* ?

*Hialas.* Sir a *Castillian* borne. *K: H:* King *Ferdinand*  
With wise *Queene Isabell* his royall consort,  
Write 'ee a man of worthie trust and candor.  
Princes are deare to heaven, who meete with Subjects  
Sincere in their imployments ; such I finde  
Your commendation ( Sir, ) let me deliver  
How joyfull I repute the amitie,  
With your most fortunate Maister, who almost  
Comes neere a miracle, in his successe  
Against the *Moores*, who had devour'd his Countrie,  
Entire now to his Scepter ; *Wee*, for our part  
Will imitate his providence, in hope  
Of partage in the vse o'nt ; *Wee* repute  
The privacie of his advisement to vs  
By you, entended an Ambassadour  
To *Scotland* for a peace betweene our Kingdomes ;  
A policie of loue, which well becomes  
His wisdome, and our care. *Hialas.* Your Majestie  
Doth vnderstand him rightly.

*K: H:* Els, your knowledge can instruct me, wherein ( Sir )

of PERKIN WARBECK.

To fall on Ceremonie, would seeme vfelesse,  
Which shall not neede; for I will be as studious  
Of your concealement in our Conference,  
As any Counsell shall advise. *Hialas*. Then (Sir)  
My chiefe request is, that on notice given  
At my dispatch in *Scotland*, you will send  
Some learned man of power and experience  
To joyne in treatie with me. *K. H.* I shall doe it,  
Being that way well provided by a servant  
Which may attend 'ee ever. *Hialas*. If King *James*  
By any indirection should perceiue  
My comming neere your Court, I doubt the issue  
Of my imployment.

*K. H.* Be not your owne Herald,  
I learne sometimes without a teacher.

*Hialas*. Good dayes guard all your Princely thoughts.

*K. H.* *Vrswicke* no further

Then the next open Gallerie attend him.  
A heartie loue goe with you.

*Hialas*. Your vow'd Beadsman. *Ex: Vrsw: and Hialas.*

*K. H.* King *Ferdinand* is not so much a Foxe,  
But that a cunning Huntsman may in time  
Fall on the sent; in honourable actions  
Safe imitation best deserues a prayse.

*Enter Vrswicke.*

What' the *Castillians* past away? *Vrsw:* He is,  
And vndiscovered; the two hundred markes  
Your Majestie conveyde, a' gentlie purst,  
With a right modest gravitie. *K. H:* What wast  
A' muttered in the earnest of his wisedome,  
A' spoke not to be heard? Twas about—*Vrsw: Warbecke;*  
How if King *Henry* were but sure of Subjects,  
Such a wilde runnagate might soone be cag'd,  
No great adoe withstanding. *K. H:* Nay, nay, something  
About my tonne Prince *Arthurs* match!

*Vrsw:* Right, right, Sir.

A humd it out, how that King *Ferdinand*



The Chronicle Historie

Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the Ladie *Katherine*  
His Daughter, and the Prince of *Wales* your Sonne,  
Should never be consummated, as long  
As any *Earle of Warwicke* liv'd in *England*,  
Except by newe Creation. *K: H:* I remember,  
'Twas so indeede, the King his Maister swore it?

*Vrsw:* Directly, as he said. *K: H:* An *Earle of Warwicke!*  
Provide a Messenger for Letters instantly  
To *Bishop Fox*. Our newes from *Scotland* creepes,  
It comes too slow; wee must haue ayrie spirits:  
Our time requires dispatch, — the *Earle of Warwicke!*  
Let him be sonne to *Clarence*, younger brother  
To *Edward!* *Edwards* Daughter is I thinke  
Mother to our *Prince Arthur*; get a Messenger.

Exeunt

Enter King James, Warbecke, Crawford, Daliell, Heron,  
Astley, Major, Sketon, and Souldiers.

*K: Ia:* Wee trifle time against these Castle walls,  
The *English Prelate* will not yeelde, once more  
Giue him a Summons!

Parley.

Enter about Durham armed, a Truncheon  
in his hand, and Souldiers.

*Warb:* See, the jolly Clarke  
Appeares trimd like a ruffian.

*K: Ia:* Bishop, yet  
Set ope the portes, and to your lawfull Soveraigne  
*Richard of Yorke* surrendèr vp this Castle,  
And he will take thee to his Grace; else *Tweede*  
Shall overflow his banckes with *English* bloud,  
And wash the sande that cements those hard stones,  
From their foundation.

*Dur:* Warlike King of *Scotland*,  
Vouchsafe a few words from a man inforc't  
To lay his Booke aside, and clap on Armes,  
Vnsutable to my age, or my profession.  
Couragious Prince, consider on what grounds,

You

of PERKIN WARBECK.

You rend the face of peace, and breake a League  
With a confederate King that courts your amitie;  
For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,  
Not noted in the world by birth or name,  
An obscure peasant, by the rage of Hell  
Loosd from his chaynes, to set great Kings at strife,  
What Nobleman? what common man of note?  
What ordinary subject hath come in,  
Since first you footed on our Territories,  
To onely faine a wellcome? children laugh at  
Your Proclamations, and the wiser pittie,  
So great a Potentates abuse, by one  
Who juggles meerly with the fawnes and youth  
Of an instructed complement; such spoyles,  
Such slaughters as the rapine of your Souldiers  
Alreadie haue committed, is enough  
To shew your zeale in a *conceited Iustice*.  
Yet (great King) wake not yet my Maisters vengeance:  
But shake that Viper off which gnawes your entrayles!  
I, and my fellow Subjects, are resolv'd  
If you persist, to stand your vtmost furie,  
Till our last bloud drop from vs.

*Warb:* O Sir, lend

Me eare to *this seducer* of my honor!  
What shall I call thee, (thou graybearded Scandall)  
That kickst against the Soveraigntie to which  
Thou owest alleagance? Treason is bold-fac'd,  
And eloquent in mischiefe; sacred King  
Be deafe to his knowne malice! *Dar:* Rather yeelde  
Vnto those holy motions, which inspire  
The sacred heart of an annoynted bodie!  
It is the surest pollicie in Princes,  
To governe well their owne, then seeke encroachment  
Vpon anothers right. *Crawf:* The King is serious,  
Deene in his meditation. *Dal:* Lift them vp  
To heaven his better genius!

*Warb:* Can you studie, while such a Devill raues? O Sir.

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*K: Ia:* Well, — Bishopp,  
You'le not be drawne to mercie? *Dur:* Conster me  
In like case by a Subject of your owne!  
My resolutions fixt, King *James* be counfeld.

A greater fate waites on thee. *Exit Durham cum suis.*

*K: Ia:* Forrage through  
The Countrey, spare no prey of life, or goods,  
*Warb:* O Sir, then giue me leau to yeeld to nature,  
I am most miserable; had I beene  
Borne what this *Clergie man* would by defame  
Baffle believe with, I had never sought  
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes  
Of women, or of infants murthered; Virgins  
Defloured; olde men butchered; dwellings fir'd;  
My Land depopulated; and my people  
Afflicted with a Kingdomes devastation.  
Shew more remorse great King, or I shall never  
Endure to seee such havoocke with drie eyes:  
Spare, spare, my deare deare *England*.

*K: Ia:* You foole your pietie  
Ridiculously, carefull of an interest  
Another man possesseth! Wheres your faction?  
Shrewdly the Bishop ghest of your adherents,  
When not a pettie Burgesse of some Towne,  
No, not a Villager hath yet appear'd  
In your assistance, that should make'ee whine,  
And not your Countreyes sufferance as you tearme it.

*Dal:* The King is angrie. *Crawf:* And the passionate Duke,  
Effeminately dolent. *Warb:* The experience  
In former tryalls ( Sir ) both of mine owne  
Or other Princes, cast out of their thrones,  
Haue so acquainted mee, how miserie  
Is destitute of friends, or of reliefe,  
That I can easily submit to taste  
Lowest reproofe, without contempt or words.

*Enter Frion.*

*K: Ia:* An humble minded man, — now, what intelligence  
Speakes



of PERKIN WARBECK.

Speakes Maister Secretarie *Frion. Frion. Henrie*  
Of England, hath in open field ore'throwne  
The Armies who opposd him, in the right  
Of this young Prince.

*K: Ia:* His Subsidies you meane: more if you haue it?

*Frion. Howard Earle of Surrey,*

Backt by twelue Earles and Barons of the North,  
An hundred Knights and Gentlemen of Name,  
And twentie thousand Souldiers, is at hand  
To raise your siege. *Brooke* with a goodly Navie  
Is Admirall at Sea; and *Dawbney* follows  
With an vnbroken Armie for a second.

*Warb:* 'Tis false! they come to side with vs. *K: Ia:* Retreat:  
Wee shall not finde them stones and walls to cope with,  
Yet *Duke of Yorke*, (for such thou sayest thou art,)  
Ile trie thy fortune to the height; to *Surrey*  
By *Marchmont*, I will send a braue Defiance  
For single Combate; once a King will venter  
His person to an Earle; with Condition  
Of spilling lesser bloud, *Surrey* is bolde  
And *James* resolv'd. *Warb:* O rather (gracious Sir,)  
Create me to this glorie; since my cause  
Doth interest this fayre quarrell; valued least  
I am his equall. *K: I:* I will be the man;  
March softly off, where Victorie can reape  
" A harvest crown'd with triumph, toyle is cheape.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Actus Quartus : Scena prima.*

*Enter Surrey, Durham, Souldiers,*  
*with Drummes and Collors.*

*Surrey:* **A**Re all our braving enemies shrunke backe?  
Hid in the fogges of their distempered climate,

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Not daring to behold our Colours wave  
In sight of this infected ayre? Can they  
Looke on the strength of *Cundrestine* defac't?  
The glorie of *Heydonball* devastated? that  
Of *Edington* cast downe? the pile of *Fulden*  
Orethrowne? And this the strongest of their Forts  
Olde *Ayton Castle* yeelded, and demolished?  
And yet not peepe abroad? the *Scots* are bold,  
Hardie in battayle, but it seemes the cause  
They vndertake considered, appears  
Vnjoynted in the frame ont. *Dur*: Noble *Surrey*,  
Our Royall Masters wisedome is at all times  
His fortunes Harbinger; for when he drawes  
His sword to threaten warre, his providence  
Settles on peace, the crowning of an Empire.

(*Trumpets.*

*Surr*: Rancke all in order, 'tis a Heralds sound,  
Some message from King *James*, keepe a fixt station.

*Enter March-mount, and another Herald  
in their Coates,*

*March*: From *Scotlands* awfull Majestie, wee come  
Vnto the *English* Generall;

*Surrey*. To me? Say on.

*March*: Thus then; the wast and prodigall  
Effusion of so much guiltlesse blood,  
As in two potent Armies, of necessitie  
Must glut the earths drie wombe, his sweet compassion  
Hath studied to prevent; for which to thee  
Great *Earle of Surrey*, in a single fight  
He offers his owne royall person; fayrely  
Proposing these conditions onely, that,  
If Victorie conclude our Masters right;  
The *Earle* shall deliver for his ransome  
The towne of *Barmicke* to him, with the *Fishgarths*.  
If *Surrey* shall prevaile; the King will paie  
A thousand pounds downe present for his freedome,  
And silence further Armes; so speakes King *James*.

*Surr*: So

## of PERKIN WARBECK.

*Surr:* So speakes King *James*; so like a King a' speakes.

Heralds, the *English Generall* returnes,  
A sensible Devotion from his heart,  
His very soule, to this vnfellowed grace.  
For let the King know (gentle Haraldis) truely  
How his descent from his great throne, to honor  
A stranger subject with so high a title  
As his *Compeere in Armes*, hath conquered more  
Then any sword could doe: for which (my loyaltie  
Respected) I will serue his vertues ever  
In all humilitie: but *Barwicke* say  
Is none of mine to part with: In affayres  
"Of Princes, Subjects cannot trafficke rights  
"Inherent to the Crowne. My life is mine,  
That I dare freely hazard; and (with pardon  
To some vnbrib'd vaine-glorie) if *his Majestic*  
Shall taste a chaunge of fate, his libertie  
Shall meete no Articles. If I fall, falling  
So brauely, I referre me to his pleasure  
Without condition; and for this deare favour,  
Say (if not countermaunded) I will cease  
Hostilitie, vnlesse provokt. *March:* This answer  
Wee shall relate vnpartially.

*Durb:* With favour,  
Pray haue a little patience — Sir, you finde  
By these gay-flourishes, how wearied travayle  
Inclines to willing rest; heeres but a Prologue  
However confidently vtterd, meant  
For some entuing Acts of peace: consider  
The time of yeare, vnseasonablenesse of weather,  
Charge, barrenesse of profite, and occasion  
Presents it selfe for honorable treatie,  
Which wee may make good vse of; I will backe  
As sent from you, in poynt of noble gratitude  
Vnto King *James* with these his Heralds; you  
Shall shortlie heare from me (my Lord) for order  
Of breathing or proceeding; and King *Henrie*



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(Doubt not) will thanke the service.

*Surr:* To your wisedome Lord Bishop I referre it.

*Durb:* Be it so then.

*Surr:* Haralds, accept this chaine, and these few Crownes :

*March:* Our Dutie Noble Generall. *Dur.* In part  
Of retribution for such Princely loue,  
My Lord the *Generall* is pleasd to shew  
The King your Maister, his sincerest zeale  
By further treatie, by no common man;

I will my selfe returne with you. *Surr:* Y'oblige  
My faithfullest affections t'ee ( Lord Bishop. )

*March:* All happinesse attend your Lordship,

*Surr:* Come friends,

And fellow-Souldiers, wee I doubt shall meete  
No enemies, but woods and hills to fight with :  
Then twere as good to feede, and sleepe at home,  
Wee may be free from daunger, not secure.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Warbeck and Frion.*

*Warb:* *Frion*, ô *Frion* ! all my hopes of glorie  
Are at a stand ! the *Scottish King* growes dull,  
Frostie and wayward, since this *Spanish Agent*  
Hath mixt Discourses with him ; they are private,  
I am not cald to counsaile now ; confusion  
On all his craftie shrugges ; I feele the fabricke  
Of my designs are tottering. *Frion.* *Henries* pollicies  
Stirre with too many engines. *Warb:* Let his mines,  
Shapt in the bowells of the earth, blow vp  
Workes raïsd for my defence, yet can they never  
Tosse into ayre the freedome of my birth,  
Or disavow my bloud, *Plantaginets* !  
I am my Fathers sonne still ; but ô *Frion*,  
When I bring into count with my Disasters,  
*My Wifes* compartnership, *my Kates*, my lifes ;  
Then, then, my frailtie feeles an earth-quake ; mischiefe  
Damb *Henries* plotts, I will be *Englands King*,  
Or let my *Aunt of Burgundie* report

of PERKIN WARBECK.

My fall in the attempt, deserv'd *our Ancestors*?

*Frion.* You grow too wilde in passion, if you will  
Appeare a Prince indeede, confine your will  
To moderation. *Warb.* What a saucie rudenesse  
Prompts this distrust? If, if I will appeare?  
Appeare, a Prince? Death throttle such deceites.  
Even in their birth of vtterance; cursed cozenage  
Of trust? Y'ee make me mad, twere best (it seemes)  
That I should turne Imposter to *my selfe*,  
Be mine owne counterfeite, belie the truth  
Of my deare mothers wombe, the sacred bed  
Of a *Prince* murthered, and a *living* baffeld!

*Frion.* Nay, if you haue no eares to heare, I haue  
No breath to spend in vaine. *Warb.* Sir, sir, take heed!  
Golde, and the promise of promotion, rarely  
Fayle in temptation. *Frion.* Why to me this?

*Warb.* Nothing

Speake what you will; wee are not funcke so low  
But your advise, may peece againe the heart  
Which many cares haue broken: you were wont  
In all extremities to talke of comfort:  
Haue yee' none left now? Ile not interrupt yee'.  
Good, beare with my distractions! if King *James*  
Denie vs dwelling here, next whither must I?  
I preethee' be not angrie. *Frion.* Sir, I tolde yee'  
Of Letters come from *Ireland*, how the *Cornish*  
Stomacke their last defeate, and humblie sue  
That with such forces, as you could partake,  
You would *in person* land in *Cornwall*, where  
Thousands will entertaine *your title* gladly.

*Warb.* Let me embrace thee, hugge thee! th'ast reuiud  
My comforts, if my cosen King will fayle,  
Our cause will never, welcome my tride friends.

*Enter Major, Heron, Astley, Sketon.*

You keepe your braines awake in our defence:

*Frion.* advise with them of these affaires,

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In which be wondrous secret; I will listen

What else concernes vs here, be quicke and warie. *Ex: Warbeck.*

*Astl:* Ah sweet young Prince? Secretarie, my fellow Counsellors and I, haue consulted, and jumpe all in one opinion directly, that if this *Scotch* garboyles doe not fadge to our mindes wee will pell mell runne amongst the *Cornish* *Chaugbes* presently, and in a trice.

*Sket:* 'Tis but going to Sea, and leaping ashore, cut tenne or twelue thousand vnecessary throats, fire seaven or eight townes, take halfe a dozen Cities, get into the Market place, crowne him RICHARD THE FOURTH, and the businesse is finisht.

*Major.* I graunt yee', quoth I, so farre forth as men may doe, no more then men may doe; for it is good to consider, when consideration may be to the purpose, otherwise still you shall pardon me: *Little sayd is soone amended.*

*Frion.* Then you conclude the *Cornish* Action surest?

*Heron.* Wee doe so. And doubt not but to thriue abundantly: Ho (my Masters) had wee knowne of the Commotion when wee set sayle out of *Ireland*, the Land had beene ours ere this time.

*Sket:* Pish, pish, 'tis but forbearing being an Earle or a Duke a moneth or two longer; I say, and say it agen, if the worke goe not on apace, let me never see new fashion more, I warrant yee', I warrant yee', wee will haue it *so*, and *so* it shall be.

*Ast:* This is but a cold phlegmaticke Countrie, not stirring enough for men of spirit, giue mee the heart of *England* for my money.

*Sket:* A man may batten there in a weeke onely with hot loaves and butter, and a lustie cup of Muscadine and Sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meale all the moneth after.

*Major.* Surely, when I bore office, I found by experience, that to be much troublesome, was to be much wise and busie; I haue observed, how filching and bragging, has beene the best service in these last warres, and therefore conclude peremptorily on the Designe in *England*; If *things* and *things* may fall out; as who can tell *what* or *how*; but the end will shew it.

*Frion.* Resolv'd like men of judgement, here to linger



More time, is but to loose it; cheare *the Prince*,  
 And hast him on to this; on this depends,  
 Fame in successe, or glorie in our ends.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter King James, Durban, and Hialas on either side.*

*Hialas.* France, Spaine and Germanie combine a League  
 Of amitie with *England*; nothing wants  
 For setting peace through Christendome, but loue  
 Betweene the *British* Monarchs, *James*, and *Henric*.

*Dur:* The *English* Merchants ( Sir, ) haue beene receiu'd  
 With generall procession into *Antwerpe*;  
 The Emperour confirms the Combination.

*Hialas.* The King of *Spaine*, resolues a marriage  
 For *Katherine* his Daughter, with *Prince Arthur*.

*Dur.* *Fraunce* court's this holy contract.

*Hial.* What can hinder a quietnesse in *England*?

*Durb:* But your suffrage

To such a fillie creature ( mightie Sir ? )

As is but in effect an apparition,

A shaddow, a meere trifle? *Hial.* To this vnion

The good of both the *Church* and *Common-wealth*

Invite ee'—*Dur.* To this vnitie, a mysterie

Of providence poynts out a greater blessing

For both these Nations, then our humane reason

Can search into; King *Henric* hath a Daughter

The Princess *Margaret*; I neede not vrge,

What honor, what felicitie can followe

On such affinitie twixt two Christian Kings,

Inleagu'd by tyes of bloud; but sure I am,

If you Sir ratifie the peace propos'd,

I dare both motion, and effect this marriage

For weale of both the Kingdomes.

*K: Ia.* Darst thou Lord Bishop?

*Dur.* Put it to tryall royall *James*, by sending

Some noble personage to the *English* Court

By way of Embassie. *Hial.* Part of the businesse,

Shall suite my mediation. *K. Ia.* Well; what Heaven  
Hath poynted out to be, must be; you two  
Are Ministers (I hope) of blessed fate.

But herein onely I will stand acquitted,  
No blood of Innocents shall buy my peace.  
For *Warbeck* as you *nicke* him, came to me  
Commended by the States of Christendome.

*A Prince*, though in distresse; his fayre demeanor,  
Louely behaviour, vnappalled spirit,  
Spoke him *not base in bloud*, how ever *clouded*.

The brute beasts haue both rockes and caues to flie to,  
And men the Altars of the Church; to vs  
He came for refuge, "Kings come neere in nature  
"Vnto the Gods in being toucht with pittie.

Yet (noble friends) his mixture with our blood,  
Even with our owne, shall no way interrupt  
A generall peace; onely I will dismisse him  
From my protection, throughout my Dominions  
In safetie, but not ever, to returne.

*Hialas.* You are a just King.

*Durb.* Wise, and herein happie.

*K. Ia.* Nor will wee dallie in affayres of weight:

*Huntley* (Lord Bishop) shall with you to *England*  
Embassador from vs; wee will throw downe  
Our weapons; peace on all sides now, repayre  
Vnto our Counsayle, wee will soon be with you.

*Hial.* Delay shall question no dispatch,  
Heaven crowne it. *Exeunt Durham and Hialas.*

*K. Ia:* A league with *Ferdinand*? a marriage  
With *English Margaret*? a free release  
From restitution for the late affronts?  
Cessation from hostilitie? and all  
Eor *Warbeck* not delivered, but dismist?  
Wee could not wish it better, *Daliell*—

*Dal:* Here Sir.

*Enter Daliell.*

*K. Ia:* Are *Huntley* and his Daughter sent for?

*Dal:* Sent for, and come (my Lord.)

*K. Ia:*

of PERKIN WARBECK.

*K. Ia.* Say to the *English Prince*,  
Wee want his companie.

*Dal.* He is at hand Sir.

*Enter Warbeck, Katherine, Iane, Frion, Heron,  
Sketon, Major, Astley.*

*K. Ia.* Cosen, our bountie, favours, gentlenesse,  
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,  
Our peoples liues, our Land hath evidenc't,  
How much wee haue engag'd on your behalfe :  
How triviall, and how dangerous our hopes  
Apppeare, how fruitlesse our attempts in warre,  
How windie rather smokie your assurance  
Of partie shewes, wee might in vaine repeate !  
But now obedience to the Mother Church,  
A Fathers care vpon his Countreyes weale,  
The dignitie of State directs our wisedome,  
To seale an oath of peace through Christendome :  
To which wee are sworne alreadie ; 'tis *you*  
Must onely seeke new fortunes in the world,  
And finde an harbour elsewhere : as I promis'd  
On your arrivall, you haue met no vsage  
Deserues repentance in your being here :  
But yet I must liue Master of mine owne.  
How ever, what is necessarie for you  
At your departure, I am well content  
You be accommodated with ; provided  
Delay proue not my enemy.

*Warb.* It shall not

( Most glorious Prince. ) the fame of my Designes,  
Soares higher, then report of ease and sloath  
Can ayme at ; I acknowledge all your favours  
Boundlesse, and singular, am onely wretched  
In words as well as meanes, to thanke the grace  
That flow'd so liberallie. *Two Empires* firmly  
You're Lord of, *Scotland*, and *Duke Richards* heart.  
My claime to *mine inheritance* shall sooner



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Fayle, then my life to serue you, best of Kings.  
And witnesse EDVVARDS *bloud in me*, I am  
More loath to part, with such a great example  
Of vertue, then all other meere respects.  
But Sir my last suite is, you will not force  
From me what you haue given, this *chast Ladie*,  
Resolv'd on all extremes. *Kath*: I am your wife,  
No humane power, can or shall divorce  
My faith from dutie. *Warb*: Such another treasure  
The earth is Banckrout of. *K: Ia*: I gaue her ( *Cosen* )  
And must avowe the guift: will adde withall  
A furniture becomming her high birth  
And vnsuspected constancie; provide  
For your attendance— wee will part good friends.

*Exit King and Dalicll.*

*Warb*: The *Tudor* hath beene cunning in his plotts;  
His *Fox of Durham* would not fayle at last.  
But what? our cause and courage are our owne:  
Be men ( my friends ) and let our *Cosen King*,  
See how wee followe fate as willingly  
As malice followes vs. Y'are all resolv'd  
For the West parts of *England*?

*Cornwall, Cornwall.*

*Frion*. The Inhabitants expect you daily.

*Warb*: Chearefully

Draw all our shippes out of the harbour ( friends )  
Our time of stay doth seeme too long, wee must  
Prevent Intelligence; about it suddenly.

A Prince, a Prince, a Prince.

*Exeunt Counsellors.*

*Warb*: Dearest; admit not into thy pure thoughts  
The least of scruples, which may charge their softnesse  
With burden of distrust. Should I proue wanting  
To noblest courage now, here were the tryall:  
But I am perfect ( sweete ) I feare no change,  
More then thy being partner in my sufferance.

*Kath*: My fortunes ( Sir ) haue armd me to encounter  
What chance so ere they meete with, — *Iane*'tis fit

Thou

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Thou stay behinde, for whither wilt thou wander ?

*Iane.* Never till death, will I forsake my Mistresse,  
Nor then, in wishing to dye with ee' gladly.

*Kath:* Alas good soule.

*Frion.* Sir, to your *Aunt of Burgundie*  
I will relate your present vndertakings ;  
From her expect on all occasions, welcome.  
You cannot finde me idle in your services.

*Warb:* Goe, *Frion*, goe ! wisemen knowe how to soothe  
Adversitie, not serue it : thou hast wayted  
Too long on expectation ; " never yet  
" Was any Nation read of, so besotted  
" In reason, as to adore the setting Sunne.  
Flieto the *Arch-Dukes* Court ; say to the *Dutchesse*,  
Her *Nephewe*, with fayre *Katherine*, his wife,  
Are on their expectation to beginne  
The raysing of an Empire. If they sayle,  
Yet the report will never : farewell *Frion*.  
This man *Kate* ha's beene true, though now of late,  
I feare too much familiar with the *Foxe*.

*Exit Frion.*

*Enter Huntley and Dalicll.*

*Hunt:* I come to take my leaue ; you neede not doubt  
My interest in this sometime-childe of mine.  
Shees all yours now ( good Sir ) oh poore lost creature !  
Heaven guard thee with much patience, if thou canst  
Forget thy title to olde *Huntleyes* familie ;  
As much of peace will settle in thy minde  
As thou canst wish to taste, ( but in thy graue, )  
Accept my teares yet, ( preethee ) they are tokens  
Of charitie, as true as of affection.

*Kath:* This is the cruellst farewell !

*Hunt:* Loue ( young Gentleman )  
This modell of my griefes ; shee calls you husband ;  
Then be not jealous of a parting kisse,  
It is a Fathers not a Lovers offering ;  
Take it, my last, — I am too much a childe.

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Exchange of passion is to little vse,  
So I should grow to foolish, — goodnes guide thee. *Exit Hunt.*

*Kath:* Most miserable Daughter! — haue you ought  
To adde ( Sir ) to our sorrowes? *Daliell.* I resolue  
( *Fayre Ladie* ) with your leaue, to waite on all  
Your fortunes in my person, if your Lord  
Vouchsafe me entertainment.

*Warb:* Wee will be bosome friends, ( most noble *Daliell* )  
For I accept this tender of your loue  
Beyond abilitie of thankes to speake it.  
Cleere thy drownd eyes ( my fayrest ) time and industrie  
Will shew vs better dayes, or end the worst. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Oxford and Dawbney.*

*Oxf:* No newes from *Scotland* yet ( my Lord! ) *Daw:* Not any  
But what King *Henrie* knowes himselte; I thought  
Our Armies should haue marcht that way, his minde  
It seemes, is altered. *Oxf:* Victorie attends  
His Standard every where. *Dawb:* Wise Princes ( *Oxford* )  
Fight not alone with forces. Providence  
Directs and tutors strength; else Elephants,  
And barbed Horses might as well preuaile,  
As the most subtil stratagemes of warre.

*Oxf:* The *Scottish King* shew'd more then common braverie,  
In proffer of a Combatt hand to hand  
With *Surrey!* *Dawb:* And but shew'd it; Northern blouds  
Are gallant being fir'd, but the cold climate  
Without good store of fuell, quickly freeleth  
The glowing flames. *Oxf:* *Surrey* vpon my life  
Would not haue shrunke an hayres breadth.

*Dawb:* May a' forseite  
The honor of an *English name, and nature,*  
Who would not haue embrac't it with a greedinesse,  
As violent as hunger runnes to foode.  
'Twas an addition, any worthie Spirit  
Would covet next to immortalitie,  
Aboue all joyes of life: wee all mist shares  
In that great opportunitie.

*Enter*



of PERKIN WARBECK.

*Enter King Henrie, and Vrswicke whispering.*

*Oxf:* The King: see a' comes smiling!

*Dawb:* O the game runnes smooth

On his side then beleue it, Cards well shuffeld

And dealt with conning, bring some gamester thrift,

But others must rise loosers. *K: H:* The trayne takes?

*Vrsw:* Most prosperously. *K. H.* I knew it should not misse.

He fondly angles who will hurle his bayte

Into the water, 'cause the Fish at first

Playes round about the line, and dares not bite.

Lords, wee may reigne your King yet, *Dawbney, Oxford,*

*Vrswicke,* must *Perkin* weare the Crowne?

*Dawb:* A Slauc. *Oxf:* A Vagabond.

*Vrsw:* A Glow-worme. *K: H:* Now if *Friou,*

His practisd politician weare a brayne

Of prooffe, King *Perkin* will in progresse ride

Through all his large Dominions; let vs meete him,

And tender homage; Ha Sirs? Liegmen ought

To pay their fealtie. *Dawb:* Would the Rascall were

With all his rabble, within twentie miles

Of *London.* *K: H:* Farther off is neere enough.

To lodge him in his home; Ile wager odds

*Surrey* and all his men are either idle,

Or hasting backe, they haue not worke (I donbt)

To keepe them busie. *Dawb:* 'Tis a strange conceite Sir.

*K: H:* Such voluntarie fayours as our people

In dutie ayde vs with, wee never scatter'd

On *Cobweb Parasites*, or lavish't out

In ryot, or a needlesse hospitalitie:

No *undeseruing* favourite doth boast

His issues from our treasury; our charge

Flowes through all *Europe*, prooving vs but steward

Of every contribution, which provides

Against the creeping Cankar of Disturbance.

Is it not rare then, in this toyle of State

Wherein wee are imbarckt, with breach of sleepe,

Cares, and the noyse of trouble, that our mercy

The Chronicle Historie

Returns nor thanks, nor comfort ? Still the *West*  
Murmure and threaten innovation,  
Whisper our government tyrannicall,  
Denie vs what is ours, nay, spurne their liues  
Of which they are but owners by our gift.  
It must not be. *Oxf*: It must not, should not.

*K: H*: So then. To whom?

*Enter a Post.*

*Post*. This packett to your sacred Majestie.

*K: H*: Sirra attend without.

*Oxf*: Newes from the *North*, vpon my life. *Daw*. Wise *Henry*  
Devines aforehand of events: with him  
Attempts and execution are one act.

*K: H*: *Vrswicke* thine eare; *Friou* is caught, the man  
Of cunning is out-reacht: wee must be safe:  
Should reverend *Morton* our Arch-bishop moue  
To a translation higher yet, I tell thee,  
*My Durham* ownes a brayne deserues that See.  
Hees nimble in his industrie, and mounting:

Thou hear'st me? *Vrsw*: And conceiue your Highnesse fitly:

*K. H.* *Dawbncey*, and *Oxford*; since our Armie stands  
Entire, it were a weakenesse to admit  
The rust of lazinesse to eate amongst them:  
Set forward toward *Salisburie*; the playnes  
Are most commodious for their exercise.  
Our selfe will take a Muster of them there:

And or disband them with reward, or else  
Dispose as best concernes vs. *Dawb*: *Salisburie*?

Sir, all is peace at *Salisburie*. *K: H*: Deare friend—  
The charge must be our owne; we would a little  
Pertake the pleasure with our Subjects ease.

Shall I entreat your Loues? *Oxf*: command our Liues.

*K: H*: Y<sup>e</sup>are men know how to doe, not to forethinke:  
*My Bishop* is a jewell try'd, and perfect;

A jewell (Lords) the Post who brought these Letters,  
Must speed another to the *Mayor of Exceter*,

*Vrswicke* dismisse him not. *Vrsw*: He waites your pleasure.

*K: H*: *Perkin* a King? a King? *Vrsw*: My gracious Lord.

*K: H*: Thoughts

of PERKIN WARBECK.

*K: H:* Thoughts, busied in the spheare of Royaltie,  
Fixe not on creeping wormes, without their stings;  
Meere excrements of earth. The vse of time  
Is thriving safetie, and a wise prevention  
Ofills expected. W'are resolv'd for *Salisburie.* *Exe: omnes.*

*A generall shout within.*

*Enter Warbeck, Dalieki, Katherine, and Iane.*

*Warb:* After so many stormes as winde and Seas,  
Haue threatned to our weather-beaten Shippes,  
At last (sweet fayrest) wee are safe arriv'd  
On our deare *mother earth*, ingratefull onely  
To heaven and vs, in yeelding sustenance  
To flie *Vsarpers of our throne and right.*  
These generall acclamations, are an O M E N  
Of happie processe to their welcome Lord:  
They flocke in troopes, and from all parts with wings  
Of dutie flie, to lay their hearts before vs,  
Vnequal'd patterne of a matchlesse wife,  
How fares my dearest yet? *Kath:* Confirm'd in health:  
By which I may the better vndergoe  
The roughest face of change; but I shall learne  
Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction  
For comforts, to this truely *noble Gentleman*;  
Rare vnexampeld patterne of a friend?  
And my beloved *Iane*, the willing follower  
Of all misfortunes. *Dal:* Ladie, I returne  
But barren cropps, of early protestations,  
Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitlesse hopes.

*Iane,* I waite but as the shaddow to the bodie,  
For Madam without you let me be nothing.

*Warb:* None talke of sadnesse, wee are on the way  
Which leades to Victorie: keepe cowards thoughts  
With desperate fullennesse! the Lyon faints not  
Lockt in a grate, but loose, disdaines all force  
Which barres his prey; and wee are Lyon-hearted,  
Or else no King of beasts, Harke how they shout. (*Another shout.*



# The Chronicle Historie

Triumph ant in our cause ? bolde confidence  
Marches on brauely, cannot quake at daunger.

*Enter Sketon.*

*Sket.* Saue King Richard the fourth, saue thee King of hearrs  
the *Cornish* blades are men of mettall, ha e proclaimed throug  
*Bodnam* and the whole Countie, my sweete Prince, *Monarch*  
*England*, foure thousand tall yeomen, with bow and sword aire:  
die vow to liue and dye at the foote of KING RICHARD.

*Enter Astley.*

*Astley.* The Mayor our fellow Counseller, is seruant for a  
Emperour. *Exceter* is appointed for the *Rend-a-vous*, and no  
thing wants to victory but courage, and resolution. *Sigillatum*  
& *datum decimo Septembris, Anno Regni Regis primo & cetera*  
*confirmatum est.* Al's cocke sure.

*Warb:* To *Exceter*, to *Exceter*, march on.  
Commend vs to our people ; wee in person  
Will lend them double spirits, tell them so.

*She: & Astl:* King Richard, King Richard.

*Warb:* A thousand blessings guard our lawfull Armes !  
A thousand horrors peirce our enemies soules !  
Pale feare vnedge their weapons sharpest poynts,  
And when they draw their arrowes to the head,  
Numnesse shall strike their sinewes ; such advantage  
Hath *Majestie* in its pursuite of Iustice,  
That on the proppers vp, of truths olde throne,  
It both enlightens counsell, and giues heart  
To execution : whiles the throates of traytors  
Lye bare before our mercie. O Divinitie  
Of royall birth ? how it strikes dumbe the tongues  
Whose prodigallitie of breath is brib'd  
By traynes to greatnesse ? Princes are but men,  
Distinguisht in the finenesse of their frailtie.  
Yet not so grosse in beautie of the minde,  
For there's a fire more sacred, purifies  
The drosse of mixture. Herein stands the odds  
“ Subjects are men, on earth Kings men and gods.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Actus*

*Actus Quintus : Scena prima.*

*Enter Katherine, and Iane, in riding suits, with one servant:*

*Kath:* **I**T is decreede; and wee must yeeld to fate,  
 Whose angry Iustice though it threaten ruine,  
 Contempt, and povertie, is all but tryall  
 Of a weake womans constancie in suffering.  
 Here in a strangers, and an enemies Land  
 Forsaken, and vnfurnisht of all hopes,  
 (But such as waite on miserie,) I range  
 To meete affliction where so ere I treade.  
 My trayne, and pompe of servants, is reduc't  
 To one kinde Gentlewoman, and this groomme.  
 Sweet *Iane*, now whither must wee? *Iane.* To your Shippes  
 Deare Lady: and turne home. *Kath:* Home! I haue none,  
 Flie thou to *Scotland*, thou hast friends will weepe  
 For joy to bid thee welcome; but ô *Iane*  
 My *Iane*, my friends are desperate of comfort  
 As I must be of them; the common charitie,  
 Good peoplesalmes, and prayers of the gentle  
 Is the revenue must support my state.  
 As for my natiue Countrey, since it once  
 Saw me a Princeesse in the height of greatnesse  
 My birth allow'd me; here I make a vow,  
*Scotland* shall never see me, being fallen  
 Or lessened in my fortunes. Never *Iane*;  
 Never to *Scotland* more will I returne.  
 Could I be *Englands* *Queene* (a glory *Iane*  
 I never fawn'd on) yet the King who gaue me,  
 Hath sent me with *my husband* from his presence:  
 Deliver'd vs suspected to his Nation:  
 Renderd vs spectacles to time, and pittie.  
 And is it fit I should returne to such  
 As onely listen after our descent  
 From happinesse enjoyd, to misery

Expected, though vncertaine? Never, never;  
Alas, why do'st thou weepe? and that poore creature,  
Wipe his wet cheeke too? let me feele alone  
Extremities, who know to giue them harbour:  
Nor thou, nor he, ha's cause. You may liue safely.

*Iane.* There is no safetie whiles your dangers (Madam)  
Are every way apparent. *Servant.* Pardon Ladie;  
I cannot choose but shew my honest heart;  
You were ever my good Ladie. *Kath:* O deare foules!  
Your shares in griefe are too too much.

*Enter Daliell.*

*Daliell.* I bring  
(Fayre Princeffe) newes of further sadnesse yet,  
Then your sweet youth, hath bene acquainted with.  
*Kath:* Not more (my Lord) then I can welcome; speake it;  
The worst, the worst, I looke for. *Dal.* All the *Cornish,*  
At *Excester,* were by the Citizens  
Repulst, encountred by the *Earle of Devonshire*  
And other worthy Gentlemen of the Countrey.  
*Your husband* marcht to *Taunton,* and was there  
Affronted by King *Henries* Chamberlayne.  
The King himselfe in person, with his Armie  
Advancing neerer, to renew the fight  
On all occasions. But the night before  
The battayles were to joyne, *your husband* privately  
Accompanied with some few horse, departed  
From out the campe, and posted none knowes whither.

*Kath:* Fled without battayle given? *Dal:* Fled, but follow'd  
By *Dawbney,* all his parties left to taste  
King *Henries* mercie, for to that they yeilded;  
Victorious without bloudshed. *Kath:* O my sorrowes!  
If both our liues had prou'd the sacrifice  
To *Henries* tyrannie, wee had fallen like Princes,  
And rob'd him, of the glory of his pride.

*Dal:* Impute it not to faintnesse, or to weaknesse  
Of noble courage Ladie, but foresight:  
For by some secret friend he had intelligence



of PERKIN WARBECK.

Of being bought and solde, by his base followers.

Worse yet remains vntold. *Kath:* No, no, it cannot.

*Daliell.* I feare y'are betray'd. The *Earle of Oxford*  
Runnes hot in your pursuite. *Kath:* A' shall not neede,  
Weele runne as hot in resolution, gladly  
To make the Earle our Iaylor.

*Jane.* Madam, Madam, they come, they come!

*Enter Oxford, with followers.*

*Daliell.* Keepe backe, or he who dares  
Rudely to violate the Law of honor,  
Runnes on my sword. *Kath:* Most noble Sir, forbear!  
What reason drawes you hither ( Gentlemen ! )  
Whom seeke 'ee? *Oxf:* All stand off; with favour Ladie  
From *Henry, Englands King*, I would present,  
Vnto the beauteous *Princesse, Katherine Gourdon*,  
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

*Kath:* Wee are that *Princesse*, whom your maister King  
Pursues with reaching armes, to draw into  
His power: let him vse his tyrannie,  
Wee shall not bee his Subjects.

*Oxf:* My Commission, extends no further (excellentest Ladie)  
Then to a service; 'tis King *Henries* pleasure,  
That you, and all, that haue relation t'ee,  
Be guarded as becomes your birth, and greatnesse.  
For rest assur'd ( *sweet Princesse* ) that not ought  
Of what you doe call yours, shall finde disturbance,  
Or any welcome other, then what suits  
Your high condition. *Kath:* By what title ( Sir )  
May I acknowledge you? *Oxf:* Your servant ( Ladie )  
Descended from the Line of *Oxfords Earles*,  
Inherits what his auncestors before him  
Were owners of. *Kath:* Your King is herein royall,  
That by a Peere so auncient in desert  
As well as bloud, commands Vs to his presence.

*Oxf:* Invites 'ee, *Princesse* not commands. *Kath:* Pray vse  
Your owne phrase as you list; to your protection  
Both I, and mine submit. *Oxf:* There's in your number

# The Chronicle Historie

A Nobleman, whom fame hath brauely spoken,  
To him the King my Maister bad mee say  
How willingly he courts his friendship. Far  
From an enforcement, more then what in tearmes  
Of courtesie, so great a Prince may hope for.

*Daliell.* My name is *Daliell.* *Oxf:* 'Tis a name, hath wonne  
Both thankes, and wonder, from report; (my Lord)  
The Court of *England* emulates your meritt,  
And covetts to embrace 'ee. *Daliell.* I must waite on  
The *Princesse* in her fortunes. *Oxf:* Will you please,  
(Great Ladie) to set forward? *Kath:* Being driven  
By fate, it were in vaine to striue with Heaven. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter King Henry, Surrey, Vrswicke, and a guard of Souldiers,*

*K: H:* The Counterfeit King *Perken* is escap'd,  
Escape, so let him; he is heg'd too fast  
Within the Circuite of our English pale,  
To steale out of our Ports, or leape the walls  
Which garde our Land; the Seas are rough, and wider  
Then his weake armes can tugge with; *Surrey* henceforth  
Your King may raigne in quiet: turmoyles past  
Like some vnquiet dreame, haue rather busied  
Our fansie, then affrighted rest of State.  
But *Surrey*, why in articling a peace  
With *James of Scotland*, was not restitution  
Of Losses, which our Subjects did sustaine  
By the *Scotch* inrodes, questioned? *Sur:* Both demanded  
And vrg'd (my Lord,) to which the King reply'd  
In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,  
How that our Maister *Henrie* was much abler  
To beare the detriments, then he repay them.

*K: H:* The young man I beleeu spake honest truth,  
'A studies to be wise betimes. Ha's *Vrswicke*,  
*Sir Rice ap Thomds*, and Lord *Brooke* our Steward,  
Return'd the westerne Gentlemen full thankes,  
From *V's*, for their try'd Loyalties? *Sur:* They haue:  
Which as if health and life had raign'd amongst eem',

With

of PERKIN WARBECK.

With open hearts, they joyfully receiu'd.

*K: H: Young Buckingham is a fayre natur'd Prince,  
Luely in hopes, and worthie of his Father:  
Attended by an hundred Knights and Squires,  
Of speciall name, he tendred humble service,  
Which wee must n'ere forget: and Devonshires wounds  
Though sleight, shall find sound cure, in our respect.*

*Enter Dawbney, with Warbeck, Heron,  
John a Waser, Astley, Sketon.*

*Dawb: Life to the King, and safetie fixe his throne:  
I here present you (royall Sir) a shadowe  
Of Majestie, but in effect a substance  
Of pittie; a young man, in nothing growne  
To ripenesse, but th'ambition of your mercie:  
Perkin the Christian worlds strange wonder.*

*K: H: Dawbney, Wee obserue no wonder; I behold (tis true)  
An ornament of nature, fine, and pollisht;  
A handsome youth indeede, but not admire him.  
How came he to thy hands? Dawb: From Sanctuarie  
At Beweley, neere Southhampton, registred  
With these few followers, for persons priviledg'd.*

*K: H: I must not thanke you Sir! you were too blame  
To infringe the Libertie of houses sacred:  
Dare wee be irreligious? Dawb: Gracious Lord,  
They voluntarily resign'd thems'ues,  
Without compulsion. K: H: So? 'twas very well,  
T'was very very well — turne now thine eyes  
(Young man) vpon thy selfe, and thy past actions!  
What revells in combustion through our Kingdome,  
A frenzie of aspiring youth hath daunc'd,  
Till wanting breath, thy feete of pride haue slipt  
To breake thy necke. Warb: But not my heart; my heart  
Will mount, till every drop of bioud be frozen  
By deaths perpetuall Winter: If the Sunne  
Of Maestie be darkned, let the Sunne  
Of Life be hid from mee, in an eclipse.*



The Chronicle Historie

**K: H:** Was ever so much impudence in forgery?  
The custome sure of being stil'd a King,  
Hath fastend in his thought that H E I S S V C H.  
But wee shall teach the ladd, another language;  
'Tis good we haue him fast. *Dawb:* The Hangmans physicke  
Will purge this saucie humor. **K: H:** Very likely:  
Yet, wee could, temper mercie, with extremitie,  
Being not too far provok'd.

*Enter Oxford, Katherine in her richest attyre,  
Iane, and attendants.*

**Oxf:** Great Sir, be pleas'd  
With your accustomed grace, to entertaine  
*The Princesse Katherine Gourdon.* **K: H:** Oxford, herein  
Wee must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.  
A Ladie of her birth and vertues, could not  
Haue found Vs so vnturnisht of good manners,  
As not on notice given, to haue mett her  
Halfe way in poynt of Loue. Excuse (*sayre Cosen*)  
The oversight! ô fye, you may not kneele:  
'Tis most vnfitting; first, vouchsafe this welcome;  
A welcome to your owne, for you shall finde Vs  
But guardian to your fortune, and your honours.  
**Kath:** My fortunes, and mine honors, are weake champions,  
As both are now befriended (Sir!) however  
Both bow before your clemencie. **K: H:** Our armes  
Shall circle them from malice — 'A sweete Ladie?  
Beautie incomparable? Here liues Majestie  
At league with Loue. **Kath:** O Sir, I haue a husband.  
**K: H:** Wee'le proue your father, husband, friend, and servant,  
Proue what you wish to graunt vs, (Lords) be carefull.  
A Pattent presently be drawne, for issuing  
A thousand pounds from our Exchequer yearely,  
During our Cosens life: our Queene shall be  
Your chiefe companion, our owne Court your Home,  
Our Subjects, all your servants.  
**Kath:** But my husband?

**K: H:** By

of PERKIN WARBECK.

*K: H:* By all descriptions, you are noble *Daliell*,  
Whose generous truth hath fam'd a rare observance!  
Wee thanke 'ee, 'tis a goodnesse giues addition  
To every title, boasted from your Auncestrie,  
In all most worthy. *Daliell*. Worthier then your prayes,  
Right princely Sir, I neede not glorie in.

*K: H:* Embrace him ( Lords, ) who ever calls you Mistresse  
Is lifted in our charge, — a goodlier beautie  
Mine eyes yet neere incountred. *Kath:* Cruell misery  
Of fate, what rests to hope for? *K: H:* Forward Lords  
To *London*: ( fayre ) ere long, I shall present 'ee } *Exeunt omnes.*  
With a glad object, peace, and *Hunleys* blessing. }

*Enter Constable, and Officers, Warbeck, Vrswick, and Lambert Simnell, like a Falconer.*

*A payre of Stockes.*

*Const:* Make roome there, keepe off I require 'ee, and none come  
within twelue foote of his Majesties new Stockes, vpon paine of  
displeasure. Bring forward the Malefactors. Friend, you must to  
this geere, — no remedie, — open the hole, and in with his legges,  
just in the middle hole, there, that hole; keepe off, or Ile commit  
you all. Shall not a man in authoritie be obeyed? So, so, there,  
'tis as it should be: put on the padlocke, and giue me the key;  
off I say, keepe off.

*Vrsw:* Yet *Warbecke* cleere thy Conscience, thou hast tasted  
King *Henries* mercie liberallie; the Law  
Ha's forfeited thy life, an equall Iurie  
Haue doom'd thee to the Gallowes; twise, most wickedly,  
Most desperately hast thou escapt the Tower:  
Inveigling to thy partie with thy witch-craft,  
Young *Edward*, Earle of *Warwicke*, sonne to *Clarence*;  
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;  
Poore Gentleman — vnhappy in his fate —  
And ruin'd by thy cunning! so a Mungrell  
May plucke the true Stagge downe: yet, yet, confesse  
Thy parentage; for yet the King ha's mercy.

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*Lamb:* You would be *Dicke the fourth*, very likely!  
Your pedigree is published, you are knowne  
For *Osbecks* sonne of *Turney*, a loose runnagate,  
A Landloper: your Father was a *Jewe*,  
Turn'd Christian meerely to repayre his miseries.  
Wheres now your Kingship? *Warb:* Bayted to my death?  
Intollerable crueltie! I laugh at  
The *Duke of Richmonds* practise on my fortunes.  
*Possession of a Crowne, ne're wanted Heraulds.*

*Lamb:* You will not know who I am!

*Vrs:* *Lambert Simnell;*

Your predecessor in a daungerous vproare;  
But on submission, not alone receiu'd  
To grace, but by the King, vouchsaf't his service.

*Lamb:* I would be Earle of *Warwicke*, toyld and ruffled  
Against my Maister, leapt to catch the Moone,  
Vaunted my name, *Plantaginet*, as you doe:  
An Earle forsooth! When as in truth I was,  
As you are, a meere Rascall: yet, his Majestie,  
(A Prince compos'd of sweetnes! Heaven protect him)  
Forgaue mee all my villanies, repriv'd  
The sentence of a shamefull end, admitted  
My suretie of obedience to his service;  
And I am now his Falkoner, liue plenteously;  
Eate from the Kings purse, and enjoy the sweetnesse  
Of libertie, and favour, sleepe securely:  
And is not this now better, then to buffett  
The Hangmans clutches? or to brave the Cordage  
Of a tough halter, which will breake your necke?  
So then the Gallant totters; preethee (*Perkin*)  
Let my example leade thee, be no longer  
A *Counterseite*, confesse, and hope for pardon!

*Warb:* For pardon? hold my heartstrings, whiles contempt  
Of injuries, in scorne, may bid defiance  
To this base mans fowle language: thou poore vermin!  
How darst thou creepe so neere mee? thou an Earle?  
Why thou enjoyst as much of happinesse,



# of PERKIN WARBECK.

As all the swinge of sleight ambition flew at,  
A dunghill was thy Cradle. So a puddle  
By vertue of the Sun-beames, breathes a vapour  
To infect the purer ayre, which drops againe  
Into the muddie wombe that first exhald it.  
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance  
From the base Beadles whipp, crownd all thy hopes.  
But (Sirra) ran there in thy veynes, one dropp  
Of such a royall bloud, as flowes in mine;  
Thou wouldst not change condition, to be *second*  
In *Englands* State without the Crowne it selfe!  
Courte creatures are incapable of excellence.  
But let the world, as all, to whom I am  
This day a spectacle, to time, deliver,  
And by tradition fixe posteritie,  
Without another Chronicle then *truth*,  
How constantly, my resolution suffer'd  
*A martyrdome of Majestie!* Lamb: Hees past  
Recovery, a *Bedlum* cannot cure him.

*Vrsw:* Away, enforme the King of his behaviour.

*Lamb:* *Perkin*, beware the rope, the Hangman's comming.

*Vrsw:* If yet thou hast no pittie of thy bodie,  
Pittie thy soule!

*Exit Simnel.*

*Enter Katherine, Iane, Daliell, and Oxford.*

*Iane.* Deare Ladie! *Oxf:* Whither will'ee  
Without respect of shame? *Kath:* Forbeare me (Sir)  
And trouble not the current of my dutie!  
Oh my Lov'd Lord! Can any scorne be yours,  
In which I haue no interest? some kinde hand  
Lend me assistance, that I may partake  
Th'infliction of this pennance; *my lifes deereest*  
Forgiue me, I haue stayd too long, from tendring  
Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome.

*Warb:* Great miracle of Constancie! my miseries,  
Were never banckrout of their confidence

## The Chronicle Historie

In worst afflictions, till *this now*, I feele them.  
Report, and thy Deserts, (*thou best of creatures*)  
Might to eternitie, haue stood a patterne  
For every vertuous wife, without this conquest.  
Thou hast out-done beliefe, yet, may *their* ruine  
In after marriages, be never pittied,  
To whom thy Storie, shall appeare a fable.  
Why wouldst thou proue so much vnkinde to greatnesse,  
To glorifie thy vowes by such a seruitude?  
I cannot weepe, but trust mee (*Deare*) my heart  
Is liberall of passion; *Harrie Richmond!*  
A womans faith, hath robd thy fame of triumph.  
*Oxf:* Sirra, leaue off your juggling, and tye vp  
The Devill, that raunges in your tongue. *Vrs:* Thus Witches,  
Posselt, even their deaths deluded, say,  
They haue beene wolues, and dogs, and sayld in Eggshells  
Over the Sea, and rid on fierie Dragons;  
Past in the ayre more then a thousand miles,  
All in a night; the enemy of mankinde  
Is powerfull, but false; and falshood confident.

*Oxf:* Remember (*Ladie*) who you are; come from  
That impudent Imposter! *Kath:* You abuse vs:  
For when the holy *Church-man* joynd our hands,  
Our Vowes were real then; the Ceremonie  
Was not in apparition, but in act.  
Be what these people terme *Thee*, I am certaine  
Thou art *my husband*, no Divorce in Heaven  
Ha's beene sued out betweene vs; 'tis injustice  
For any earthly power to deuide vs.  
Or wee will liue, or let vs dye together.  
*There is a cruell mercie.*

*Warb:* Spight of tyrannie  
Wee raigne in our affections, (*blessed woman!*)  
Reade in my destinie, the wracke of honour;  
Poynt out in my contempt of death, to memorie  
Some miserable happinesse: since, herein,  
Even when I fell, I stood, enthron'd a Monarch

of PERKIN WARBECK.

Of one chaste wif's troth, pure, and vncorrupted.

*Fayre Angell of perfection* ; immortalitie

Shall rayse thy name vp to an adoration ;

Court every rich opinion of true merit ;

And Saint it in the *Calender of vertue*,

When I am turn'd into the selfe same dust

Of which I was first form'd. *Oxf*: The Lord Embassador,

*Huntley*, your Father (Madam) should a'looke on

Your strange subjection, in a gaze so publicke,

Would blush on your behalfe, and wish his Countrey

Vnleft, for entertainment to such sorrow.

*Kath*: Why art thou angrie *Oxford*? I must be

More peremptorie in my dutie ; — (Sir)

Impute it not vnto immodestie,

That I presume to presse you to a Legacie,

Before wee part for ever ! *Warb*: Let it be then

My heart, the rich remaines, of all my fortunes.

*Kath*: Confirme it with a kisse pray ! *Warb*: Oh, with that

I wish to breathe my last vpon thy lippes,

Those equall twinnes of comelineffe, I seale

The testament of honourable Vowes :

Who ever be that man, that shall vnkisse

This sacred print next, may he proue more thriftie

In this worlds just applause, not more desertfull.

*Kath*: By this sweet pledge of both our soules, I swear

To dye a faithfull widdow to thy bed :

Not to be forc't, or wonne. ô, never, never.

*Enter Surrey, Dambney, Huntley, and Crawford.*

*Damb*: Free the condemned person, quickly free him.

What ha's a yet confest? *Vrsm*: Nothing to purpose;

But still 'a will be King. *Surr*: Prepare your journey

To a new Kingdome then, (vnhappie Madam)

Wilfully foolish! See my Lord Embassador,

Your Ladie Daughter will not leaue the Counterseite

In this disgrace of fate. *Hunt*: I never poynted



# The Chronicle Historie

Thy marriage (girl) but yet being married,  
Enjoy thy dutie to a husband, freely:  
The griefes are mine, I glorie in thy constancie;  
And must not say, I wish, that I had mist  
Some partage in these tryalls of a patience.

*Kath:* You will forgie me noble Sir? *Hunt:* Yes, yes;  
In every dutie of a wife, and daughter,  
I dare not disavow thee, — to your husband  
(For such you are Sir) I impart a farewell  
Of manly pittie; what your life ha's past through,  
The daungers of your end will make apparant?  
And I can adde, for comfort to your sufferance,  
No Cordiall, but the wonder of your frailtie,  
Which keeps so firme a station. — Wee are parted.

*Warb:* Wee are a crowne of peace, renew thy age  
Most honourable *Huntley*: worthie *Crawford*?  
Wee may embrace, I never thought thee injurie.

*Crawf:* Nor was I ever guiltie of neglect  
Which might procure such thought. I take my leave (Sir.)

*Warb:* To you Lord *Daliell*: what? accept a sigh,  
'Tis heartie, and in earnest. *Daliell*, I want vtterance:  
My silence is my farewell. *Kath:* Oh—oh, —

*Iane.* Sweet Madam,  
What doe you meane! — my Lord, your hand.

*Dal:* Deere Ladie,  
Be pleas'd that I may wayt 'ee to your lodging.

*Exeunt Daliell, Katherine, Iane.*

*Enter Sheriffe, and Officers, Sketon, Astley, Heron,  
and Mayor with halters about their neckes.*

*Oxf:* Looke 'ee, beholde your followers, appointed  
To waite on 'ee in death. *Warb:* Why Peeres of England,  
Weele leade 'em on couragiously. I reade  
A triumph over tyrannie vpon  
Their severall foreheads. Faint not in the moment  
Of Victorie! our ends, and *Warwick's* head,

of *Warwick's* head, (for we are Prologue  
to his tragedie) conclude the wonder  
of *Henries* feares; and then the glorious race  
of *fourteene Kings* PLANTAGINETTS, determines  
this last issue male, Heaven be obeyd.  
In poverish time of its amazement (friends)  
and we will proue, as trustie in our payments,  
as prodigall to nature in our debtes.  
Death? pish, 'tis but a sound; a name of ayre;  
A minutes storme; or not so much; to tumble  
from bed to bed, be massacred aliue  
by some *Physicians*, for a moneth, or two,  
in hope of freedome from a Feavers torments,  
Might stagger manhood; here, the paine is past  
ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!  
Spurne coward passion! so illustrious mention,  
shall blaze our names, and stile vs *KINGS O'RE DEATH.*

*Darb:* Away - Impostor beyond president: } *Ex: all Officers*  
No Chronicle records his fellow. } *and Prisoners.*

*Hunt:* I haue  
Not thoughts left, 'tis sufficient in such cases  
Iust Lawes ought to procede.


*Enter King Henry, Durham, and Hialas.*

*K: H:* Wee are resolv'd:  
Your businesse (noble Lords) shall finde successe,  
Such as your King importunes. *Hunt:* You are gracious.

*K: H:* *Perkin*, wee are inform'd, is arm'd to dye:  
In that weele honour him. Our Lords shall followe  
To see the excution; and from hence  
Wee gather this fit vse; that publicke States,  
As our particular bodyes, taste most good  
In health, when purged of corrupted blood.

*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

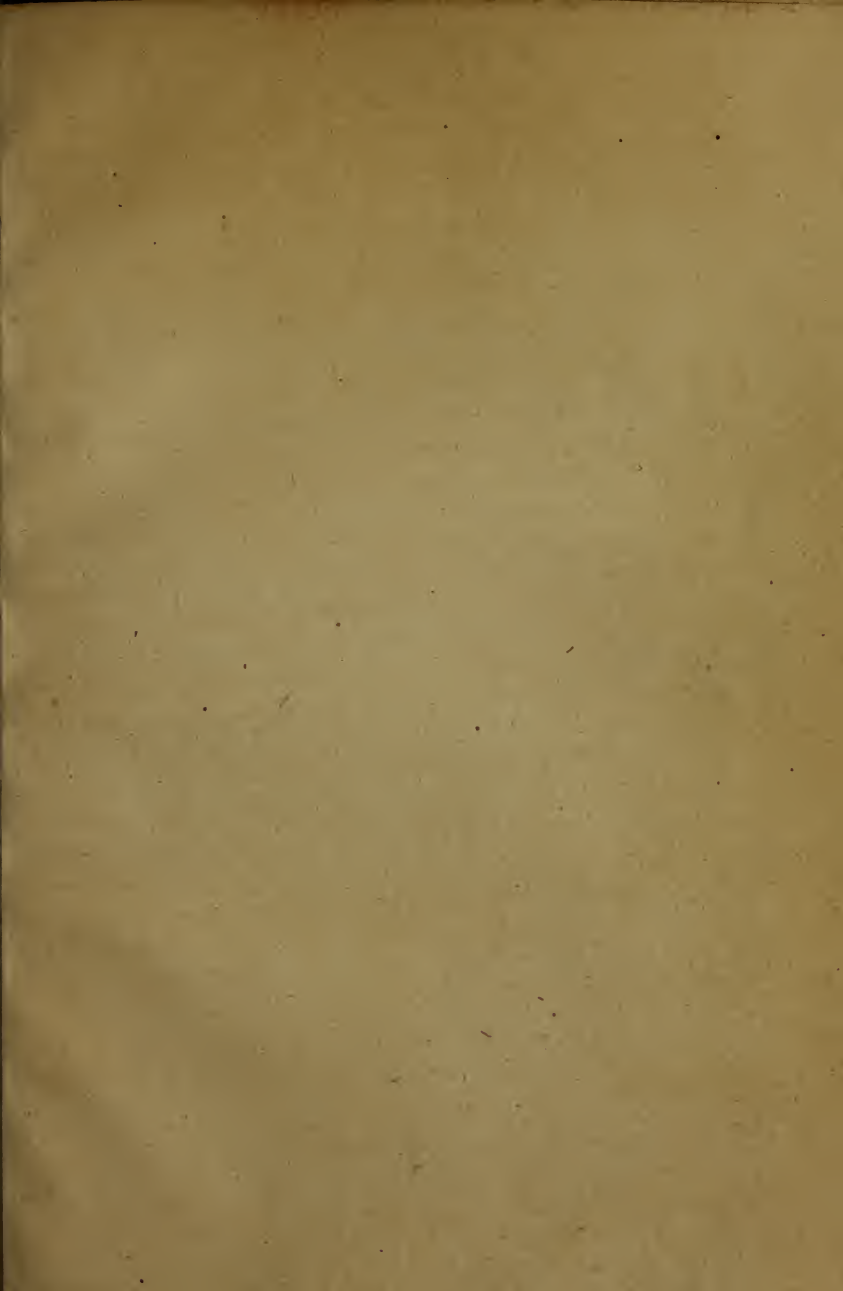


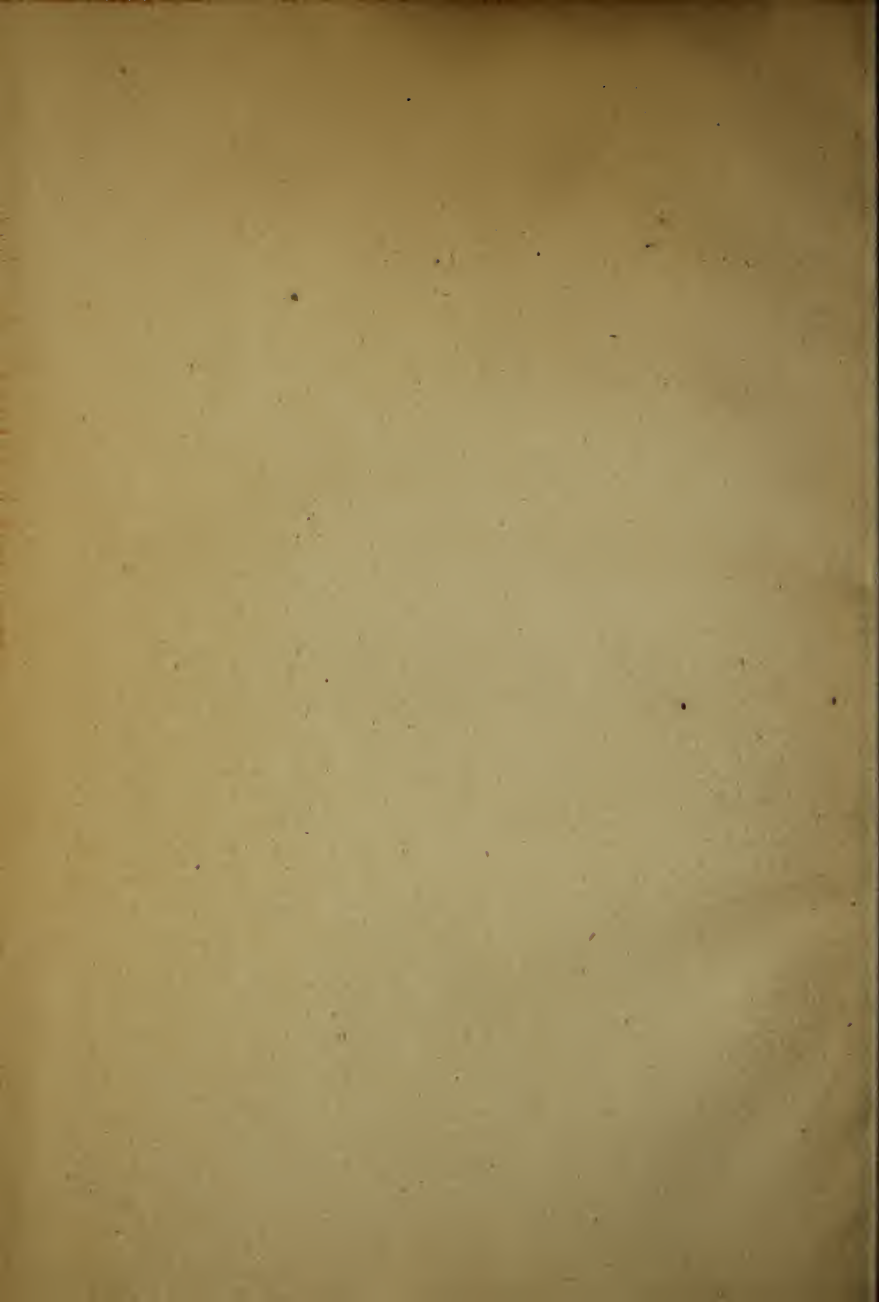
## Epilogue.

**H**ere ha's appear'd, though in a severall fashion,  
The Threats of Majestie; the strength of passion;  
Hopes of an Empire; change of fortunes; All  
What can to Theater's of Greatnesse fall;  
Proving their weake foundations: who will please  
Amongst such severall Sight's, to censure These  
No birth's abortive, nor a bastard-brood  
(Shame to a parentage, or fosterhood)  
May warrant by their tones, all just excuses,  
And often finde a welcome to the Muses.

F I N I S.

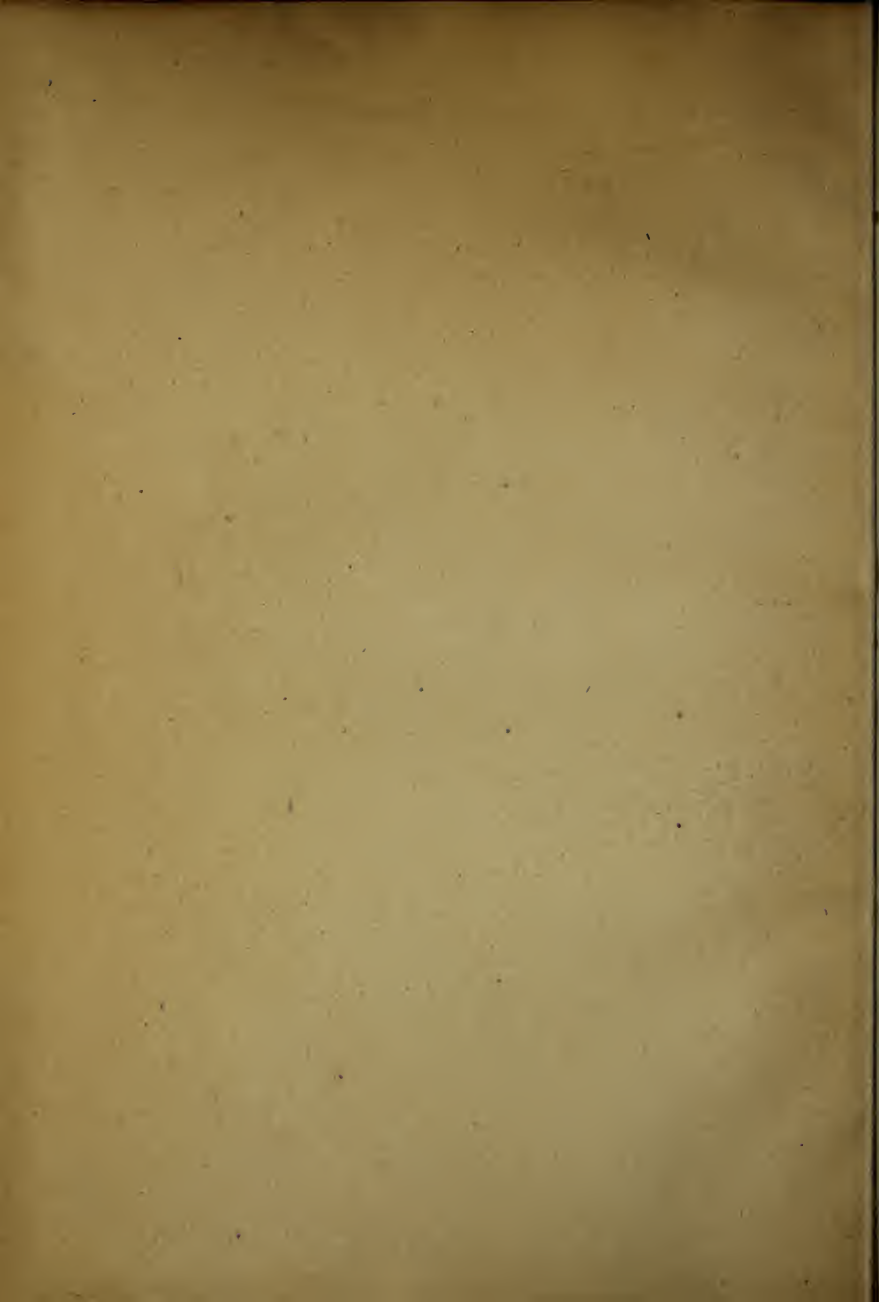




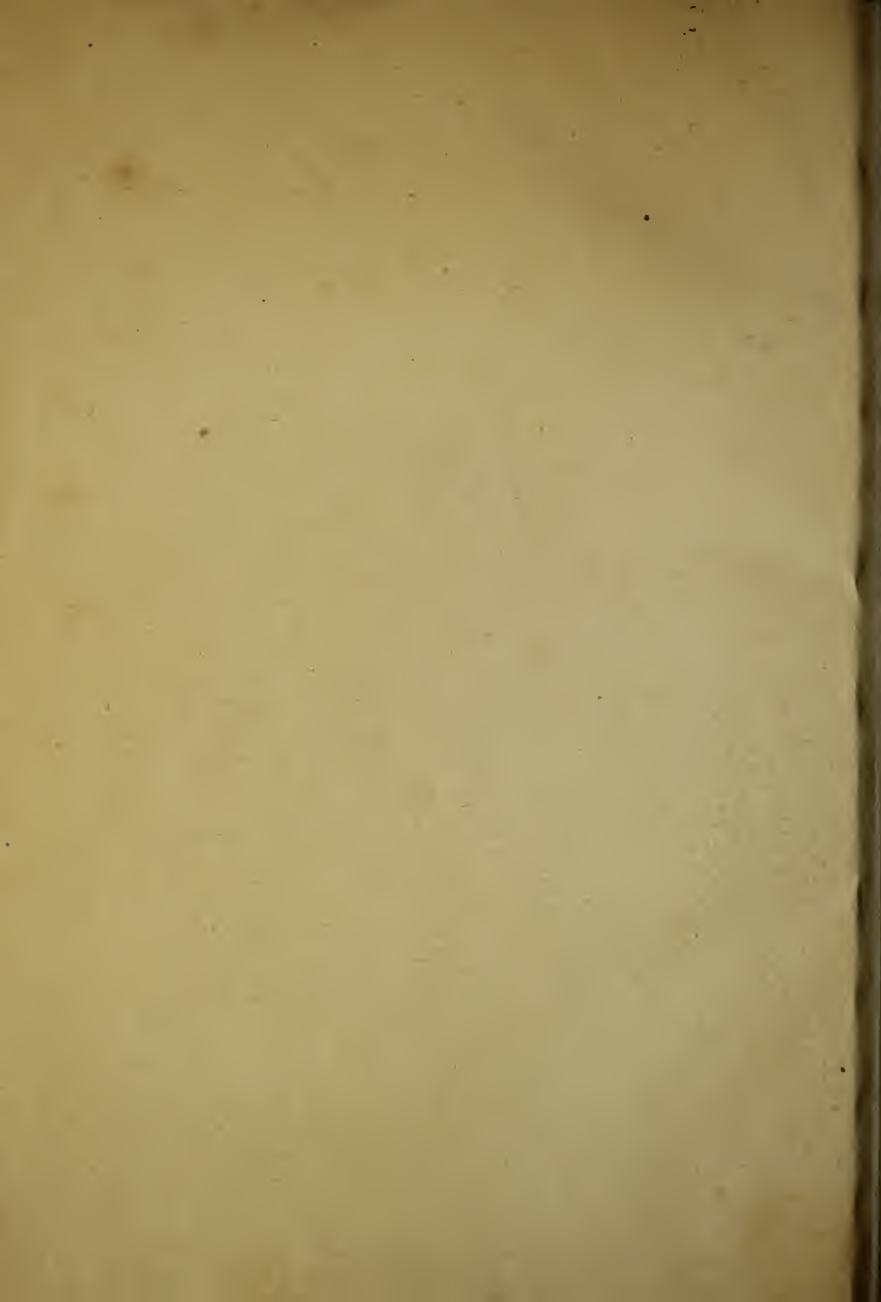














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